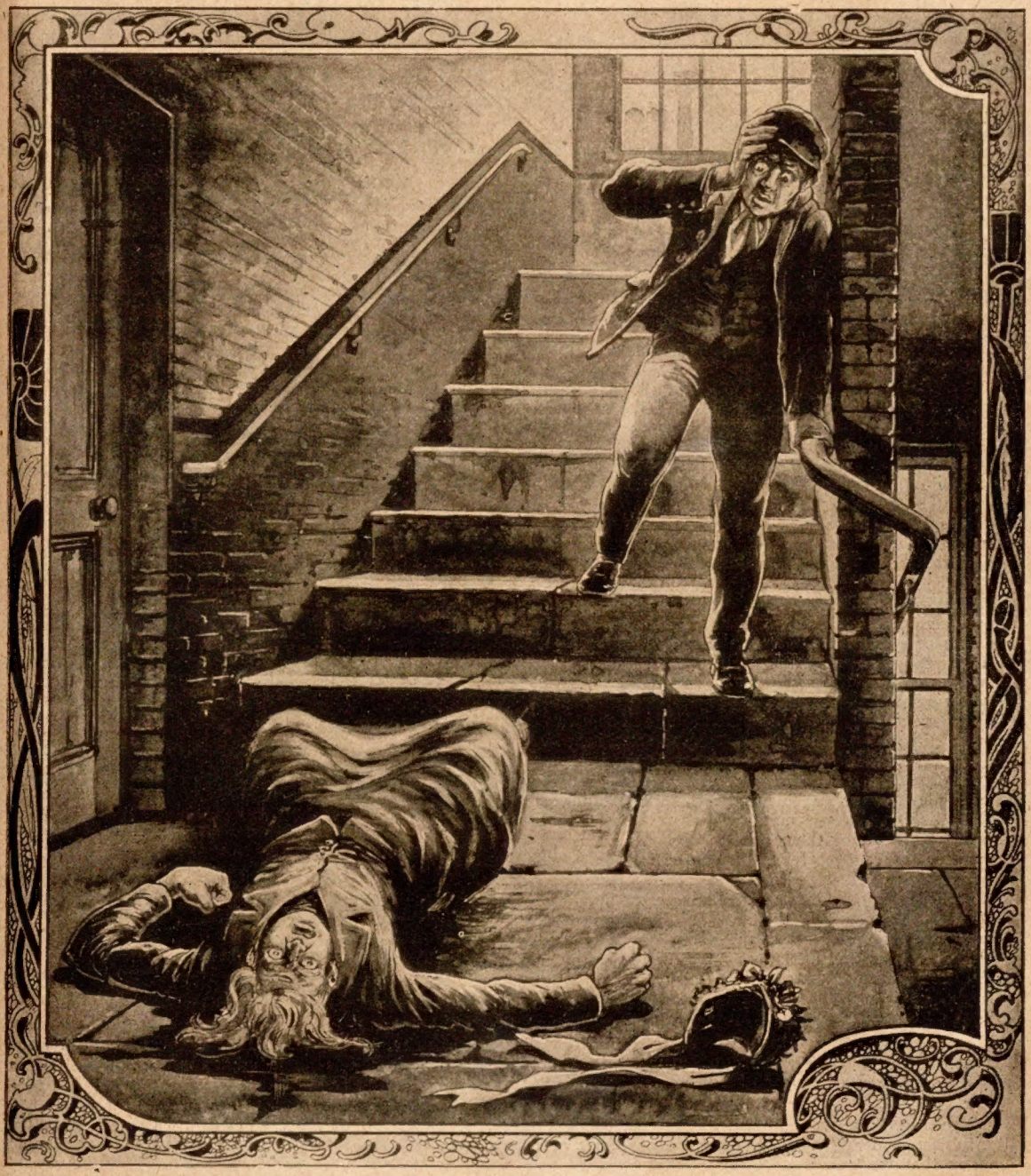
POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY



THE DISCOVERY OF "JACK THE RIPPER'S" FIRST MURDER.

Vol. II.—No. 15.

JACK the RIPPER

THE STORY OF THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.

BY A JOURNALIST WHO WAS SPECIALLY ENGAGED TO INVESTIGATE THE CRIMES AT THE TIME THEY WERE COMMITTED.

"Here—judge if hell, with all its powers to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."
—MOORE, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

IN the long catalogue of crimes which has been compiled in our modern days there is nothing to be found, perhaps, which has so darkened the horizon of humanity and shadowed the vista of man's better nature as the series of mysterious murders committed in Whitechapel during the latter part of the year 1888. From east to west, from north to south, the horror ran throughout the land. Men spoke of it with bated breath, and pale-lipped women shuddered as they read the dreadful details. A lurid pall rested over that densely-populated district of London, and people, looking at it afar off, smelt blood. The superstitious said the skies had been of a deeper red that autumn, presaging desperate and direful deeds, and the aliens of the neighbourhood, filled with strange phantasies brought from foreign shores, whispered that evil spirits were abroad.

The community at large, always on the outlook for a scapegoat, upon whom they might throw the blame when some extraordinary mystery remains unrevealed, censured the state of society, the Home Secretary, and the police with indiscriminate impartiality. That, however, brought the matter no nearer to a solution. The murders went on with a horrible persistence, and the best-laid schemes of the authorities, backed by hundreds of self-constituted amateur detectives, went ever awry. The scare increased to such an extent that cautious citizens barricaded doors and windows and sat up of nights, armed to the teeth, trembling lest the unspeakable terror should approach their dwellings. Some of the more nervous sort even quitted their homes, betaking themselves to distant suburbs until the wretch, or gang of felons, whichever it might prove to be, should be discovered and brought to justice. Meanwhile the braver ones formed themselves into a vigilance committee and patrolled the streets. Innocent persons of all grades were suspected, neighbour glanced askance at neighbour, and even relatives had vague feelings of alarm concerning the lost sheep of their families.

After the first two or three murders theories of the wildest kind began to be promulgated in the newspapers, which were reaping a golden harvest out of the atrocities. Suggestions innumerable were showered upon the police, whose burdens, onerous enough before, were now increased a thousandfold.

Of course, Scotland Yard had its own pet views upon the subject, and at the beginning made no secret of its opinion that the crimes were perpetrated by a gang of ruffians who pursued a system of blackmail upon the low "unfortunates" that infest the side streets and dark alleys of the East-End. As time went on, however, this idea had to be abandoned, as the similitude of the horrors made them manifestly the work of one hand. The authorities then became reticent, while the general public grew more clamorous. Every fresh suggestion that was made served only to distract the thoughts of the Home Office and lead it off upon some new wild-goose chase.

When I was first called upon to undertake my investi-

Seen drinking with soldiers.

gations I had already formulated my own theory, arrived at after a careful examination of the evidence in the first two cases, and that theory I have never departed from. It was, and is, this: The crimes were committed by a lunatic suffering from eroto-mania, or some kindred disease. These maladies are, to a certain extent, allied, and are well known to brain specialists. Either one or the other would lead to murderous outrage upon a certain class of women; the first from a blood-lust, the second from a wild spirit of revenge for the wrongs and suffering

endured by the victim of a communicated distemper. The awful mutilation which occurred in almost every instance pointed clearly to this in my mind, and I have since found that my conclusions were those of a great part of the medical faculty who have given attention to the murders. To accomplish his purpose in respect to the operation referred to, the murderer would, of necessity, have been required to possess some surgical knowledge, and the deftness with which the elimination took place led me to believe that Jack-the-Ripper was either a mad surgeon or, at all events, one who had made a special study of the special female organs. Here again I have been supported by many doctors with whom I have discussed the subject. I am, therefore, inclined to think that the real "Jack-the-Ripper" was a skilled surgeon, even if he was a lunatic. Having arrived at this point, I shall now proceed to relate the circumstances of

P.C. Neil, 91 J.

The First Murder.

Although as far back as April 3, 1888, a very suspicious case occurred in the Whitechapel Road, I am disinclined to believe that this was a true "Ripper" murder. In the first place, the woman—Emma Elizabeth Smith—was not murdered outright. She lingered in the London Hospital for two days. Had "Jack" been the perpetrator of this crime the victim would not have survived two minutes. The wretch's fiendish facility in taking life would have made an end of her at the first stroke. His diabolical precision never erred, and on no occasion was there ever left the slightest sign of a struggle. In the second place, the doctor's evidence proved that the woman's injuries were like those which might have been inflicted by a sword-stick. The "Ripper" would not have used so uncertain a weapon. It might be suggested that he was trying his "'prentice hand," but, from what was learnt afterwards, I do not think that at all likely. The real Whitechapel murderer was no novice at the use of the knife when he began his terrible career. Then, again, Whitechapel Road, even in the early morning, is not an unfrequented thoroughfare, and the cunning demon who was afterwards to create such widespread consternation invariably chose some secret spot as the scene of his iniquities. That this outrage took place on the morning after a Bank Holiday, and that the George Yard atrocity, which I look upon as the first of the series, also occurred in the morning after one of these national interludes, proves nothing. It was a mere coincidence, and as such I dismiss this murder from my list.

So Now for Horror No. 1.

At five o'clock in the morning of August 7, 1888, a waterside labourer, named John Saunders Reeves, living at 37, George Yard Buildings, was leaving home to proceed to his daily toil. As he descended the dark stone staircase he saw in the dim light of the dawn a something lying outstretched on the landing of the first floor. Closer inspection proved this mysterious something to be the body of a woman. She was prone on her back in a pool of blood, with clenched hands, and clothes thrown upwards. Startled and sickened at the horrible sight, he immediately sent for a doctor, who arrived only to pronounce life to have been extinct for about three hours. The surgeon forced open the poor, clenched hands—clenched in the unutterable agony of the death-throe—to find that they contained nothing. The victim had been

HE SAW A BODY ON THE PAVEMENT.

unable to clutch at the hair or beard of her assailant, so as to retain in her expiring grip some few tell-tale traces of her murderer that might have given a clue to his identity. There she lay stark, with her unclosed eyes gazing upward, unseeing and awful.

The news of the dread discovery spread like wildfire, and even at that early hour a knot of awe-stricken people gathered at the bottom of the staircase, while others crowded down from the rooms above. It was, therefore, determined upon by the police that the body should be hurried off to the mortuary without delay. This was accordingly done with as little fuss as possible, and in due course the post-mortem examination was performed.

This happened on a Tuesday morning, and on the Thursday afternoon the inquest was opened by Mr. Collier, deputy coroner for S.-E. Middlesex. The scene of the inquiry was the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, soon to gain an unenviable notoriety because of the frequency of similar cases.

Between the date of the discovery and that of the inquest the body had been identified. The deceased was found to be one Martha Turner, a single woman, aged 35, lately living at 4, Star Place, Commercial Road. There being, however, some doubt concerning this identification, the evidence regarding it was not taken till later. Different parties had recognised her as different persons, and the coroner resolved to defer this matter to a future occasion. Detective-Inspector Reid watched the case on behalf of the police.

Dr. Llewellyn.

A grim light was thrown upon Whitechapel life by the evidence of some of the witnesses.

The first called was Elizabeth Mahoney, of 47, George Yard Buildings. She was the wife of a carman, and on the night of Bank Holiday was out with some friends. Her husband and she returned to their home shortly before two in the morning, and soon afterwards she left again to try to get some supper at a chandler's shop. The stairs were then clear of all obstacles, and she walked down the street. Not succeeding in her object, she retraced her steps. She had not been absent more than five minutes, and, being very tired, she went to bed. During the night she heard no noise, but at ten in the morning she was told there was murder in the house. In the early hours when she had passed up and down the fatal stairs there was no light, and when she was shown the spot where the body had been found she was not sure that it was not there when she came and went, as the landing was wide and very dark.

The idea of this woman coming and going all alone in the pitch darkness while Death might have been stalking at her elbow all the time is not a pleasant one, but the next witness told a story which is even more significant of the locality.

Alfred G. Crow was a cabman, and lived at 35, George Yard Buildings. On Tuesday morning he returned from work at half-past three. Making his way upstairs, he saw somebody lying on the first landing, but, as that was no unusual occurrence, he passed on without taking any particular notice and went to bed. He was not aware whether the person he saw was alive or dead, and, from the tone of voice in which he spoke, it was very evident that he had not cared. It seemed that he had not contemplated that it was possible that there was a murdered woman lying butchered in cold blood, and with every sign of the most demoniac ferocity; had he thought so, he would not have passed on with the same unconcern.

After the cabman came the waterside labourer, John Saunders Reeves, whose discovery of the body has been already related.

There was an anticipatory thrill throughout the court when Dr. Kelune was called to give the result of his post-mortem examination. There were, he said, thirty-nine punctured wounds on the body and legs. The left lung was penetrated in five places, and the right in two. The heart had but one gash, though the liver had five punctures and the spleen two. The stomach also had been gashed in five places, while a deep wound in the breast must have been made by some long and strong instrument. All the organs of the body were healthy, and death was due to loss of blood. He was of opinion that the wounds were not all made by the same weapon. That in the breast might have been inflicted by a sword-bayonet or dagger, while the others had the appearance of having been caused by a penknife. It was impossible for them all to have been self-inflicted.

There was a gasp of relief in court when the doctor finished the enumeration of his ghastly details. Accustomed though most of the listeners were to the gruesome evidence at inquests, they were appalled at the number of stabs and gashes the poor victim had received. The murderer must have continued to revel in his wanton blood-thirstiness long after the wretched creature he had done to death had breathed her last. It was this tiger-like cruelty that stirred the hearts of the hearers and caused them to shudder and blanch.

The mention of a sword-bayonet was a feature in the case which caused a good deal of comment. The police had set up a theory that the murder had been perpetrated by a soldier, and to establish this the doctor had been questioned. Naturally, a sword-bayonet is a very dangerous weapon, but a large surgeon's knife would produce the very same results, while the smaller wounds could easily have been made by a scalpel. Thus my theory, though then unformed, would still hold good. In fact, the authorities had ultimately to cast aside the idea of a soldier.

When the inquest was resumed on August 11 the police were still without a clue, though there was no doubt now about the identity of the body. It was that of Martha Turner, sure enough. According to the police statement, the murdered woman and a friend of hers, named Connolly, had been seen drinking with soldiers in a public-house near George Yard, and, in consequence of inquiries, two men were under arrest at the Tower.

P.-C. Barrett, 226H, said he was on duty in the neighbourhood of George Yard, and saw a soldier loitering. The constable remarked it was time he was in barracks, upon which the soldier replied he was waiting for a chum who had gone into one of the buildings near. At a parade at the Tower Barrett identified a soldier, who refused to give any account of himself.

On August 14 Mary Connolly gave evidence that she and deceased, whom she knew as Martha Turner, a hawker, met two soldiers in Whitechapel Road about ten o'clock. They walked up and down the road several times, calling in various public-houses. She left the deceased with one of the soldiers near George Yard, and she and the other went elsewhere. This was about 11.45. All that she could tell about the soldiers was that they had white bands upon their caps, which indicated the Coldstream Guards. Nevertheless, at a parade of the Coldstreams at their quarters neither she nor P.-C. Barrett could pick out any of the men, and afterwards, in the light of further knowledge, the authorities, as has been told, abandoned their precious soldier theory, attributing the

murder to the elusive wretch who baffled all their vaunted skill and acumen.

At the close of the inquest the verdict of the jury was the too familiar one of "Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown."

The Second Murder.

About 3.45 in the morning of August 31, 1888, Police-constable Neil was on his beat in Buck's Row and Thomas Street, Whitechapel. While passing along the former he saw a body on the pavement close to a stable-yard in connection with Essex Wharf. Like many more of the squalid courts and alleys of the neighbourhood, Buck's Row was far from being well lighted, so that Constable Neil at first thought it was merely a woman sleeping off the effects of drink. A closer inspection with his bull's-eye, however, revealed the fact that a brutal outrage had been committed. The livid face was stained with blood and the throat was cut from ear to ear. The policeman, greatly shocked, at once called up the occupants of the house next door to the stable-yard, who were a carter, named Green, and his family. He then rushed across the road, which is here very narrow, and gave the alarm to Mr. Walter Perkins, the resident manager of the wharf. These people, sleeping within a few yards, had heard no outcry nor disturbance of any kind. Dr. Llewellyn, living close at hand, was next called, and he found the body lying on its back across the gateway. Life was extinct, but the extremities were still warm, showing that death had not long ensued. The corpse was then taken to Whitechapel mortuary, and two inspectors from Bethnal Green quickly arrived. On examining the clothes for identification, the officers were horrified to see that not only had the throat been gashed to the vertebræ, but inhuman brutalities had been inflicted upon the abdomen. The lower part of the body had been ripped open, and the bowels protruded. Dr. Llewellyn was thereupon again sent for, and at once responded to the call. The sight which met his eyes astounded him. As he said himself, he had seen many horrible cases, but never such a brutal affair as this.

From the nature of the cuts on the throat he judged that they were probably inflicted by the left hand. There was a mark on the point of the jaw on the right side as of a thumb, and a similar bruise on the left, giving the notion that the woman's head had been pushed back and the throat then cut. There was a gash under the left ear, reaching nearly to the centre of the throat, and another apparently starting from the right ear. The neck was severed back to the vertebræ, which were also slightly injured. The abdominal wounds were extraordinary for their length and the severity with which they had been inflicted. One extended from the base of the abdomen to the breast-bone. The clothes of the deceased were loose, so that the cuts might have been made while she was dressed. Besides the great central rip there were two incised wounds on either side, nearly as severe. The instrument used must have been as sharp as a razor and handled with the utmost ferocity.

It was not until the evening that a clue to the woman's identity could be found. During the day some half-dozen women who thought they knew her visited the mortuary, but failed to recognise the remains. However, it was discovered that the band of a petticoat worn by the deceased bore the stamp of Lambeth workhouse, and by these means Inspector Helson, who had the case in charge, succeeded in tracing her.

"HE CONTINUED CALLING PEOPLE UP."

She was, it seemed, a married woman, Mary Ann Nichols, who had long been separated from her husband. Her age was thirty-six, and she had been an inmate of Lambeth workhouse off and on for seven years. She was first admitted as a lying-in patient, and from that point seemed to have entered on a downward career. Some months previous to her murder she had left the workhouse to go into domestic service at Rosehill Road, Wandsworth, but went away under suspicious circumstances, and since then had been frequenting Whitechapel. She was last seen in Whitechapel Road about 2.30 in the morning, and was then drunk.

After the inquest the identification was completely confirmed by the father, husband, and son of the deceased. The son visited the corpse with his grandfather, and shortly afterwards the husband appeared. The father and son did not speak, and evidently did not recognise each other until old Mr. Walker, the father of the dead

woman, said to Nicholls, "Well, here is your son!" The young man had been brought up by his grandfather, and had not seen his father for years. After looking at the deceased, Nichols said: "There is no mistake about it. It has come to a sad end at last."

Morbid crowds visited Buck's Row and hung about the spot for hours. They also lingered around the mortuary, talking of the horror. The popular mind associated this crime with that of George Yard, and some people fancied the April affair had a connection with it. The ideas were not very clearly defined, but there was a feeling that some diabolical presence had arisen in their midst, and they spoke in whispers. How little they guessed at what was to follow!

Robert Paul, a carman, made a remarkable statement at the inquest.

"It was exactly a quarter to four," he said, "when I passed up Buck's Row to my work as a carman for Covent Garden Market. It was dark, and I was hurrying along, when I saw a man standing where the woman was. He came a little towards me, but, as I knew the dangerous character of the locality, I tried to give him a wide berth. Few like to come here without being on their guard for such terrible gangs. Many are knocked down and robbed here. The man, however, came towards me, and said: 'Come and look at this woman.' I went and found the woman lying on her back. I laid hold of her wrist, and found her dead cold. It was too dark to see blood. I thought she had been outraged and died in the struggle. I was obliged to be punctual at my work, so I went on, telling the other I should send the first policeman I saw. I saw one in Church Row calling people up. I told him and asked him to come, but he did not say whether he would or not. He continued calling people up, which I thought a great shame after I had told him the woman was dead. The woman was so cold she must have been dead some time. Either she had been lying there, left to die, or carried there, being murdered elsewhere. If she had been lying there long enough to get cold it shows the policeman on the beat had not been there for a long time. If he had been there he must have seen her, for she was plain enough to see. Her bonnet was lying about two feet from her head."

Inspector Spratling.

Now if this man were speaking the truth, and there was no reason to believe otherwise, his statement was a strong indictment against the police. He had given one of them warning, and the constable refused to take any notice; but when we remember that the police regulations forbid any constable to participate in a reward when it is offered, we need not be very much surprised at the seeming neglect of duty.

At the resumed inquest before Mr. Wynne Baxter, the district coroner, Inspector Spratling, of the J Division, told how he first heard of the murder about 4.30, and went straight to the scene thereof. There was a slight stain of blood between the stones. With P.-C. Train he left there for the mortuary, and saw the deceased on an ambulance in the yard. When the body was afterwards placed on the floor of the mortuary he first noticed the abdominal wounds, and sent at once for Dr. Llewellyn. There were no bloodmarks between the groin and knees, except, perhaps, very slight ones. The skin was clean, but he could not say if blood had been washed from it very recently. The doctor made a second examination, and to enable him to do so the body was stripped. There were a pair of stays on the body, but he could not say if they had been injured in any way. The coroner thought it would be important to know their condition, and how far they covered the body. The inspector said the stays were fastened when he first saw the corpse. He did not notice blood on the petticoats, though he did on the breast of the dress, and a little on the chemise. Part of the body wounds would be covered by the stays, but the stays were not tight-fitting, and, by raising them without using force, the whole of the wounds could be seen. At that point the coroner informed him that they must see the stays.

The witness, continuing his evidence, said he had examined Buck's Row, but no suspicious bloodstains were found. A woman had swilled away the blood from the pavement after the body had been removed. He had searched the Great Eastern Railway yard, the embankment, and all contiguous places, but no blood nor weapon had been found, nor could he discover anyone who had heard screams, which put an end to several sensational rumours that were flying about.

After Inspector Spratling stood down a witness was called who, from the nature of his employment, was looked upon with considerable suspicion.

TRIAL by corsned was a species of expurgation, being a bit of bread consecrated with a form of exorcism, which the supposed criminal was to eat, taking the sacrament at the same time, and praying that it might destroy him if guilty. Godwin, Earl of Kent, abjuring the death of the King's brother, appealed to his corsned, which stuck in his throat and killed him. Hence the vulgar phrases, "I'll take my sacrament upon it," "May this morsel be my last," and the like.

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THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

THE FIRST STEP TO THE PRISON GATES.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are three classes of criminals—those that are born into the seamy side of life, those that drift into it, so to speak, by accident, and those who deliberately, and, as they say in the Assize Court Calendar, "of malice aforethought," try to improve their fortunes by preying upon their fellow-men. Of the people who inhabit our gaols, the former are by far the larger class. There are men—and women too—who spend practically the whole of their lives in prison. They are but following the example of their parents. They were born into a criminal life, and probably imbibed vice with their mothers' milk. Nothing will cure them. Heavy sentences or light are all the same. Given the opportunity, they will steal from anybody or everybody. That really is what crime amounts to. Leaving murder out of the question for the moment, theft is practically the only crime which engages the attention of our judges and magistrates. The crime may not be called stealing in plain language, but when you interpret the cumbrous legal phraseology, that is what it amounts to. The swell forger, the fraudulent trustee, the expert coiner, and the oily begging-letter writer are all thieves. It is only their methods that differ. But in the end they all wear suits of the same dingy, drab cloth, bespangled with the badge of infamy and the broad arrow.

A HOPELESS TYPE OF YOUNG CRIMINAL.
Develops into the gaol "lawyer" and uses "language" on being sentenced.

The criminal of opportunity rarely becomes the criminal of habit. His one period of imprisonment generally cures him of any desire he may have to gain a living "on the cross," and having "purged his offence," he endeavours to win back his position in society. But the criminal of habit never tries to reform. He may under the influence of prison-gate missions make a show of trying to obtain an honest livelihood, but, sooner or later, back he slides into the old paths, and, year in year out, he is either in the hands of the prison authorities or close under the eye of the police.

Take the case of a man who as a boy misses his father and hears that he has gone for "seven stretch." He meets another boy whose father is "doing" a couple of months for "bashing a copper," and boasts of his father's achievement. He grows up with a contempt for the laws of the land. He makes a study of policemen, sets his wits against theirs, and defeats them time and again. Sometimes he is defeated, and punishment follows, but he takes that as a matter of course, and during the long hours of his incarceration, when nothing but oakum picking or mail-bag making troubles his thoughts, he makes plans for future criminal coups and invents new swindles.

The moment he regains his liberty he puts those plans into execution.

Edwards, the man who so brutally murdered the Darby family at Camberwell last December, laid all his plans in gaol. He left prison on November 26, he negotiated for Darby's business the next day, and on December 7 the Darby family were dead. Edwards was a man who drifted into crime of his own free will. His people were all respectable, and he was the first and only member of the family to go wrong. He commenced by torturing cats, then he acted as a fence. Later he tried burglary on his own account, and eventually he became a wholesale murderer.

FOLLY AND FATALISM.
Quarrelled with his parents. Committed burglary. Pleaded guilty. Will not be imprisoned if sent out of the country.

Edwards must have had a kink in his brain. His Majesty's judges have many similar men before them. There was a case at a recent Old Bailey Sessions. The man in the dock—we give his portrait—was the son of well-to-do people. None of his family had ever infringed the laws of the country. The young man had no reason for doing so. He had all he wanted of this world's goods, and yet he committed a burglary, and so clumsily that he was captured in the act. He had quarrelled with his parents, and in court he pleaded guilty, and awaited his sentence with grim determination. He will not be imprisoned if his friends send him out of the country. Look at the young man's face, and compare the features with those of the "Bill Sikes" of the novelist's fancy. Or, better still, contrast them with the faces of the two other burglars whose pictures are also printed. All three stood in the same dock on the same day. The one a veritable tyro in crime, the other two hardened ruffians, who are a perpetual danger to society. Look at their careers. The younger of the pair—William Thompson, aged 25—is by trade a house-painter. The elder—Joseph Drew, aged 29—a shoemaker. Thus both men had trades in their hands, respectable occupations which might easily have brought them

in comfortable livings. Yet they became burglars, and joined one of the most dangerous gangs in London. They were caught after committing a burglary at Amhurst Park, and it was stated in evidence at the trial that no fewer than fourteen burglaries had occurred in the neighbourhood within a month. In one instance Drew was identified by the owner of a house as a burglar who entered his bedroom early one morning, but who, when the electric light was switched on, escaped. Each of the prisoners had been many times previously convicted. Thompson was on ticket of leave, and had 341 days of a previous sentence to run. Twice he had been flogged for robbery with violence. Drew had varied his criminal life by spending some two years in the army. He served in South Africa with Kitchener's Fighting Scouts, and by all accounts, made a capital soldier. The Recorder thought it was a pity that he had not remained in South Africa, and then sent both men to penal servitude for five years.

TYPE OF BURGLAR.
Sometimes varied with highway robbery with violence; has had cat, and now doing five years.

For obvious reasons, it is impossible to trace the family history of these men. There they are at the present moment working out their period of solitary confinement in gaol. They may be fretting under the confinement, and, on the other hand, they may be taking their punishment as a matter of course. If they behave themselves, they will earn a remission of fifteen months of their sentence, and whilst they are on ticket-of-leave, will have to report themselves monthly to the police. The authorities believe this to be a very wise regulation; criminals loathe it, and frequently ascribe to it the fact that they are unable to obtain an honest living.

There have been many inquiries into the causes of crime. In the days before the Board Schools it was stated that want of education was the main factor which filled our gaols, for the majority of prisoners were illiterate. In recent years, however, statistics show that most prisoners have received a certain amount of education, and so other reasons have to be looked for. The Rev. H. Letsom Elliot, M.A., referring to the subject, said, "Bad company is the master cause of crime which engages the attention of our judges and magistrate's point of view. The great majority of professional thieves have been engaged in a criminal career from infancy, and have originally fallen, not from the prompting of hunger, nor from any special dishonesty, not from any peculiar moral obliquity, but simply from the influence of bad example; or, it may be from direct instruction in crime at an age when they were scarcely capable of discerning between their right hand and their left. Of the 1,000 prisoners examined by me, 395 had been convicted before they were out of their 'teens.' They were led into crime through the example of those older than themselves, the influence of associates, the love of standing well in the estimation of others—causes which, whether for good or evil, determine the career of every man."

Drink is given as another of the causes, and the Rev. J. Horsley in this connection says that the following inscriptions have been found on the wall of cells in Clerkenwell Sessions House, "I advise you to keep away from beer; be a teetotaler;" "Good-bye all; give up drink." "Take my advice and keep from drink, for it has been the ruin of me; it will be a warning to me for life;" "Half-pint of whisky brought me here—took the pledge for two years—renewable for ever."

Then as to the influence exerted by heredity. The inheritance of the tendency to thieving is generally admitted by those who have taken an interest in the subject. Dr. Despine, author of "Crime, Its Causes and Remedy," in "Psychologie Naturelle" cites a terrible case in point. Jean Chrocare, the common ancestor, had three sons—Pierre, Thomas, and Jean Baptiste. Pierre had a son, Jean Francois, who was condemned for life to hard labour for robbery and murder. Thomas had two sons, (1) Francois, condemned to hard labour for murder, and (2) Martin, condemned to death for murder. Martin's son died in Cayenne, whither he had been transported for robbery. Jean Baptiste had a son, Jean Francois, whose wife was Marie Tamé (belonging to a family of incendiaries). This Jean Francois had seven children, (1) Jean Francois, found guilty of several robberies, died in prison; (2) Benoist, fell off a roof which he had scaled and was killed; (3) ——, nicknamed Clain, found guilty of several robberies, died at the age of 25; (4) Marie Reine, died in prison, whither she had been sent for theft; (5) Marie Rose, same fate, same deeds; (6) Victor, now in gaol for theft; (7) Victorine, married one Lemaire; their son was condemned to death for murder and robbery. Truly a terrible record for one family.

The Rev. Mr. Elliot quoted above examined 1,000 criminals and found that 395 of them had been first convicted between the ages of 9 and 20, and 339 between the ages of 20 and 30 years, and the causes of the youthful beginnings were set down as vicious and neglectful parents, absence of parent in gaol or death of one or both parents, together with great facilities for making immoral acquaintance. In this connection the Rev. Benjamin Waugh in "The Gaol Cradle" gives some really pathetic instances of first steps in crime. Here is one of his human documents:

"Entering a small yard by a long passage leading out of a narrow, low street, we pass upstairs to the top room of a dingy, tumble-down house, let out in flats. The room contains a fire-grate, a window-frame (a little glazed, the rest stuffed with rags or nailed up with the staves of a demolished tub), a heap of filthy rags called a bed, and a gaudy picture of the Saviour. This murky place has a free circulation of air. Once it had a ceiling, but the lath and plaster ruin has ceased to be worthy of that name. The stars look through the tiles, and there is no door. Here one of our young thieves lived with a younger brother. He is pale and thin, and rather tall for a lad of thirteen or fourteen. His mother, a widow, it was supposed, got her living nobody knew how. She paid visits at intervals to the boys, and then settled for the room and for the two pounds of potatoes served to them hot on a tray every morning; every other requisite they found for themselves. The night before the theft—a clear, still, bitter night—the thief-to-be lay with his brother, coiled up in their rag bed. Rising to a fireless grate, and a fuelless cupboard, the shivering creature set out to get something to warm their den. Ice prevented his picking coal at low water from the Thames bank, so he filled his small bag from a coal-yard."

Thus he became a thief. And then the boy, driven to it by poverty, robbed Peter to pay Paul.

"Ill, in lodgings, with a kindly old woman—so reputed among homeless boys—to whom he paid ninepence per week, might be seen this boy. For some reason—the cruelty of his step-father, he said—he had left his home, and had started in the world on his 'own hook' at the early age of twelve. His income arose from a sweeping at a crossing, and now and then carrying parcels for passengers from the railway station. Whilst laid aside, his rent got a fortnight into arrears. Bad times made it difficult for him to meet his current wants, and impossible to pay off the old score. The woman was kind, but the little fellow did not like to be in her debt. He stole empty wine-bottles from the yard of a gentleman's house, sold them for one shilling and nine pence, took the money

CRIME AND PLUCK.
Served with merit in South Africa. Now doing five years for burglary.

to the woman, and said, 'Here is your money, Sally; and threepence to be going on with.'"

Yet another boy became a thief that he might be able to hand to his sweetheart a gaudy little bit of jewellery. The story about them is as follows:

A YOUTHFUL CRIMINAL.
Stolid and plucky, and worthy of better things.

"Singing at the doors of gin palaces might sometimes be heard the voice of a tawny, foreign-looking boy. His father, a box-organ grinder, had been some weeks dead. He is a general favourite in the neighbourhood, especially at the lodging-house, where, on the morning of the very day on which he attained one of those social distinctions which entitle to the notice of the British Press, it is said that he shared his morning meal with some aged tramp. And why did he steal? He was in love, and imagined his loved one would look better in a brooch; at all events, he had the fatal feeling that it would gratify her to have a present from him. He took the girl to a small brooch dealer's shop window, she selected, and he romantically vowed that the next time they met the brooch should be hers. To buy it was impossible. The shop was one where the master both sold and worked. Leading out of this was a door, half glazed, and the glass was half-covered with a muslin curtain. Behind the door was a living-room. The critical opportunity at length came. The street door was ajar, the master was at dinner, the brooch within three steps and at arm's length! Softly he enters, gently he stretches out his hand, the brooch is his, when, unluckily for the tawny boy, something falls, the master is after him, and in a few minutes, 'Love's labour lost,' the lad is in the hands of the police."

And now here is the autobiography of a criminal written by himself, and quoted by the Rev. J. W. Horsley, who, as chaplain at Clerkenwell, had exceptional opportunities for studying the submerged tenth.

"I was born in 1853 at Stamford Hill, Middlesex," wrote the thief. "My parents removed from there to Stoke Newington, when I was sent to an infant school. Some time afterwards I was taken by two pals to an orchard to cop (steal) some fruit, me being a mug at the game. This got to my father's ears; when I went home he set about me with a strap until he was tired. He thought that was not enough, but tied me to a bedstead—you may be sure what followed. I got loose, tied a blanket and a counterpane together, fastened it to the bedstead, and let myself out of the window, and did not go home that night, but met my two pals and dossed in a haystack. Early next morning my pals said they knew where we could get some toke (food), and took me to a terrace; we went down the dancers (steps) to a safe, and cleared it out. Two or three days after I met my mother, who in tears begged of me to go home, so I went home. My parents moved to Clapton. When they sent me to school, my pals used to send stiffs (notes) to the schoolmaster, saying that I was wanted at home; but instead of that we used to go and smug snowy (steal linen) that was hung out to dry, or rob the baker's barrows. Things went from bad to worse, so I was obliged to leave home again."

This lad became an habitual thief, and instead of doing his duty as a citizen, which he probably would have done had the twists in his nature been judiciously straightened in his boyhood, he lived most of his life at the expense of the community, whether in prison or out of it, and probably cost society more when at liberty than when kept in durance.

To a certain extent the thieves whose stories we have given were in the first place what may almost be called "accidental" criminals. They are far removed from the swell mobsmen who are the vultures of the human race, and prey on their fellow creatures apparently for the sole reason that they prefer a life of dishonesty to one of humdrum respectability. From the first class we get the daring burglar, the clever pickpocket, and the industrious coiner; from the latter the bank-note forger, the confidence man, and the fashionably-dressed swindler, all of whom spend most of their time inventing new schemes to fleece their fellow men. There was a well-educated man of this description at the Old Bailey a week or two ago, whose methods are typical of his class. His real name is apparently Rodgers, but he sailed under many aliases, the names he chose being those of well-known and highly-reputable people. He ran a theatrical company and called himself "Leslie C. Vanderbilt." In this way he fleeced a gentleman of £125. Previously he had been mixed up with other ingenious swindles. When the police knew him first he was a footman. Doubtless it was in this employ that he learned the ways of the upper classes which he aped so well and gained a liking for the names which he adopted. During the war he advertised for clothing and money for the troops in South Africa, and converted everything that came into his net to his own use. He was caught and imprisoned, but as soon as he regained his liberty he carried on what he called "The Alexandra Dinner Fund." In this swindle he had the audacity to use the name of Her Majesty the Queen, whom he described as the patron of the institution. Collecting boxes were distributed all over London, and many ladies were induced to canvass for subscriptions. He also advertised as "The George Edwardes Theatrical Syndicate (Ltd.)," and on the very day of his arrest for the first-mentioned swindle, the well-known owner of the Gaiety Theatre obtained an injunction against him in the High Court. As "a very dangerous man" the Recorder sent him to penal servitude for five years.

A PLAUSIBLE MEAN SWINDLER.
An air of injured innocence. Now doing five years for fraud.

During the course of these articles we shall describe the methods of the different classes of criminals, and next week will tell of the daring and ingenious methods of the up-to-date shoplifter

THE number of criminal convictions has declined 37 per cent. in the last twenty-two years that statistics have been made up.

Speedy Justice.

ONE of the shortest summings up on record is that of the late Mr. Commissioner Kerr, the distinguished jurist who for many years presided over the City of London Court. It consisted solely of four words: "Gentlemen, consider your verdict."

Mr. Justice Norris, one of the Judges of the High Court of Calcutta, once summed up as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner has nothing to say, and I have nothing to say. What have you got to say?"

The quickest trial on record is reported from Oconee, U.S.A. A white man named George Miller stole an umbrella from a general store. He was caught red-handed, arrested, pleaded guilty before Judge Jackson, and paid the five pounds' fine inside of fifteen minutes from the commission of the offence.

MRS. DYER THE BABY-FARMER

"A little soul scarce fledged for earth
Takes wing with Heaven again for goal,
Even while we hailed as fresh from birth
A little soul."
—SWINBURNE, "A Baby's Death."

PART II.

Retribution Overtakes the Guilty at Last—On the Scaffold She Expiates Her Crime.

MRS. DYER was tried before Mr. Justice Hawkins. The prosecution was represented by Mr. Avory and Mr. Lawrence. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Kapadia and Mr. Linford. Defence! What defence could there possibly be?

Well, on her behalf it was contended that she was insane, and thus not entitled to suffer the law's last penalty.

Further investigations proving, to the satisfaction of the police, that there was no case against Arthur Palmer, he was released before the trial at the Old Bailey. The evidence of Mrs. Palmer, the wife of Arthur Palmer, was the last link in the chain of Mrs. Dyer's guilt.

At the Police Court the Magistrate had said to Mr. Lawrence:

"You must bring me evidence as to when and where the murder was committed."

This evidence was unfolded in the story Mrs. Palmer told.

The crimes with which Mrs. Dyer was formally charged were the murder of Doris Marmon, and the murder of Harry Simmons, the other body, it will be remembered, which was found in the carpet-bag. What her daughter, Mrs. Palmer, proved, was the time when little Doris Marmon was murdered, and the time when Harry Simmons was done to death.

Her story, told on oath in the witness-box, was as follows:

On the evening of Tuesday, March 31 (the day when Mrs. Dyer took Doris Marmon from the mother, and journeyed with the baby back to London), Mrs. Dyer came to her house about half-past ten. She was talking with a woman who was carrying a carpet-bag for her.

"Won't you come in?" said Mrs. Palmer.

"Not this minute, my dear," said Mrs. Dyer, "there is

Mr. Justice Hawkins wearing the black cap.

somebody I want to speak to. Don't you mind me. Go and do your work."

Mrs. Dyer was carrying a bundle in her arms.

"Is that a baby you have there?" asked Mrs. Palmer.

"Yes, I'm holding it for Mrs. Golding."

Mrs. Dyer sentenced to death.

Mrs. Palmer had never heard of Mrs. Golding, but she said nothing. She left Mrs. Dyer with the front street door open, and went to attend to various household duties, which at that time required her care. She put some coal on the fire, filled the kettle with water, and afterwards washed her hands. When she returned, the street door was shut, and Mrs. Dyer was in the front room. As Mrs. Palmer entered, Mrs. Dyer had her back to her. She was bending down and putting a carpet-bag under the couch. There was no baby to be seen.

"Where's the baby?" asked Mrs. Palmer.

"Oh, that's all right. I gave it back to Mrs. Golding."

Mrs. Dyer had a brown-paper parcel on the couch, which she then untied. She took from it a baby's pelisse, which she gave to Mrs. Palmer for her little boy. Also some other

articles of infant's wear, which she likewise gave to her daughter, saying they would be useful to her as a mother.

They then had supper together, and passed a pleasant evening with her husband, Arthur Palmer, who, shortly after Mrs. Dyer's entry, came in.

Mrs. Palmer.

During the meal Mrs. Dyer mentioned to the Palmers that on the following day she had to meet a woman at Paddington Station, who was going away, and was leaving with her a baby to nurse. She asked her daughter to come with her, and early the next morning the two set out for Paddington. They stood just under the large station clock, and there met a Mr. and Mrs. Sergeant, who brought with them a little boy.

This little boy was Harry Simmons. Mrs. Sergeant and Mrs. Dyer signed an agreement, and Mrs. Sergeant paid a sum of five pounds, and gave an I.O.U. for a further five pounds, to be paid at a given time to Mrs. Dyer.

Mrs. Palmer and her mother then returned to Mayho Road, Willesden, with Harry Simmons, and there passed the rest of the day, it being settled that Mrs. Dyer should not go back to Reading until the day following.

In the evening during some conversation, Mrs. Palmer remembered that she had not put her child to bed. "I must put baby to bed," said she, and took her child into the bedroom.

"I'll put mine off, too," said Mrs. Dyer, who slept in the front room. She went to the couch, upon which little Harry Simmons was lying, and began to undress him.

"Don't come in just yet," she called out.

When Mrs. Palmer returned, she found Harry Simmons lying as before on the couch in his night-clothes. There was a handkerchief over his face. "Hush," said Mrs. Dyer, "he is asleep."

Poor child! he slept in death.

Afterwards Arthur Palmer came in.

"Is that the little nipper?" he said, jerking his thumb in the direction of the couch.

"Yes, he's asleep," was the answer.

Soon afterwards the Palmers retired for the night, leaving Mrs. Dyer in the drawing-room.

When Mrs. Palmer came into the front room in the morning, she found there Mrs. Dyer, but no baby.

"Where's the baby?" she asked.

"Oh, that's all right, never you mind."

Mrs. Palmer was now full of suspicions. In her own mind she knew that Mrs. Dyer had murdered Harry Simmons. She looked at the carpet-bag, and saw a brown-paper parcel sticking out. The shape of the end of the parcel curiously resembled that of a baby's head.

At breakfast the two women did not speak. The mutual secret of horror which they held, but which they had not verbally admitted holding, left no room for conversation.

Mrs. Palmer's Husband.

Mrs. Dyer put on her bonnet, and prepared to leave for Reading. She pushed the brown-paper parcel into the carpet-bag, and took it up.

Mrs. Palmer in her terror seized her by the wrist. "What will the neighbours say?" cried she, "seeing you enter the house with a baby, and leaving alone?"

A terrible smile of low cunning and criminal malignancy spread itself over the elder woman's coarse and brutal features.

"Oh, you must make some excuse or other. It's all right I tell you."

She left the house, carrying in her bag the corpses of two murdered babies.

Such was Mrs. Palmer's story.

Is it to be believed?

Probably as a relation of certain incidents it is true, but is it conceivable with commonsense that the woman Palmer knew no more of the crimes committed under her roof than she admitted?

A sleeping baby stirs in its sleep, its breathing is audible, and yet this professedly most guileless and criminally unsuspicious creature was in the room having supper, while the dead body of Harry Simmons was lying "asleep" on the couch with a handkerchief over his face.

How strange it is that Mrs. Palmer should have mistaken the sleep of death for the fretful slumbering of a young child!

But Mrs. Palmer's conduct was always strange, so strange indeed that it defies reasonable explanation!

She saw the two babies in Dyer's possession. They disappeared; one while she was putting some coals on the fire, one during the night. Where,

she never asked, but admitted that the brown-paper parcel stuffed into the carpet-bag resembled a baby's body.

It is not wise to pursue these reflections farther. Mrs. Palmer, charged with being an accessory to these crimes, was acquitted by a court of law. But we must remember that there are such things as legal quibbles, and technical loopholes of escape from the condemned cell.

Let us return to the trial of Mrs. Dyer.

The conclusion of the melancholy narrative we know already—the body was picked out of the Thames.

Now for the defence. Mr. Kapadia contended that Dyer was insane. He proved that during various periods of her infamous career she had been incarcerated in several lunatic asylums in Birmingham and elsewhere.

He also called Dr. Forbes Winslow to certify that she was of unsound mind. Dr. Winslow had had several interviews with Mrs. Dyer while she was in prison. He was of opinion that she was not accountable for her actions. She suffered from extreme depression of spirits, and was in the habit of talking to herself.

Mr. Kapadia: "Is it not a fact that people thus affected—people who talk to themselves—often commit murder?"

Dr. Winslow: "Yes."

Mr. Justice Hawkins: "People often commit murder who do not talk to themselves."

For the first time during the proceedings the court laughed. The prosecution called Dr. Henry Savage, England's noted specialist on insanity, and he swore that Mrs. Dyer was not insane, but was perfectly responsible for her actions. Dr. Scott, the prison doctor, concurred.

Mr. Kapadia, in addressing the jury for the defence, contended that there was no motive for the crimes, which fact pointed to the prisoner's insanity.

Mr. Avory, in replying for the Crown, said there was a very visible motive. These babies had been murdered for the ten pounds extracted from their mothers by Mrs. Dyer as a price for their future keep and welfare.

The jury had listened attentively to counsel's speeches, and they showed an evident anxiety to catch every word of Mr. Justice Hawkins's summing up.

The practised hand of the great Judge sounded and tested every link in the chain of evidence that had been drawn round the accused woman.

He dealt with the defence's plea of insanity, and when he had finished with it, it seemed almost an act of insanity to have put such a plea forward.

At half-past eight the jury retired to consider their verdict.

The Judge remained in his seat. The prisoner was invited by a wardress to step down from the dock. She shook her head. Throughout the trial she had remained motionless, staring into vacancy with dull, lack-lustre eyes. Motionless she sat, now awaiting her fate.

The court was crowding rapidly, it being known that the case would conclude that night, many women being among the spectators. After a lapse of just six minutes, the jury returned. A solemn hush fell upon the expectant throng as the prisoner was helped to her feet by two wardresses, and supported by them, as she waited for that word which meant for her life or death.

The jury found her "Guilty!"

The prisoner was asked if she had anything to say. Her lips moved, and the grey, old face quivered, but she uttered no word. Amidst an awful and all-pervading silence the Judge put on the black cap.

At first his words came slowly, but he mastered his emotion, and gathered strength at every word as he commented upon the hideous atrocities perpetrated by the wretched woman in the dock. Unconsciously, the "Iron Judge" became eloquent as he remarked upon the singular enormity of the crimes which Mrs. Dyer had committed.

"There is no knowing," said he to the prisoner, "to what lengths you have carried your ruthless schemes. The number of your innocent victims can never be ascertained, but it is safe to deduce from the evidence the fact that they were many." He then pronounced the awful doom awarded by law to those who commit murder.

MRS DYER ON THE SCAFFOLD.

For the first time during the proceedings Mrs. Dyer broke down. The callous indifference to the gravity of her crimes, and the awfulness of impending doom, which she had until now exhibited, collapsed. She slid back into her chair, and was only held from falling by the hands of her guardians. Two female and one male warder caught her up and hurried her down those steps, that are surely by now worn smooth by the steps of the doomed.

During her last days her demeanour was abject and subdued.

Perhaps as she sat in her lonely cell her mind was haunted by visions of her past iniquities. Perhaps there were phantoms peopling the silence—the never varying silence of Newgate Gaol.

Perhaps she was not lonely after all; maybe grey ghosts of past events tortured her guilty eyes, ghosts that flitted in horrid mockery before her, acting in weird pantomime her own dread crimes, ghosts of afflicted mothers crying for the dead, ghosts of murdered babes, pointing at her their small, accusing hands, and, more terrible than all, ghosts of herself!

Perhaps for her there was no silence, only the mocking shrieks of fiends, the wailing of infants, and the laughter of the damned!

When the last dawn broke through the iron bars of her cell—the dawn of retribution—it found her in a condition of semi-consciousness.

The law's officials were soon with her.

They pinioned her arms, and led her away to where the gallows awaited its victim.

They drew a white cap over the wrinkled old face, and slipped a noose round the thick, unwomanly neck.

The burial service was read, the lever pulled, and the next moment the wretched woman had paid the penalty for her life of crime.

She was in life deaf to all conscience, a stranger to all natural feeling, to all humanity. Hanging, with her, was but the transferring of a breathing organism into lifeless clay. All that we call a woman had been long dead in her heartless breast. She was a creature of animal life, inasmuch as she

could think, move, eat, sleep, and feel physical pain, but who will say that this monstrosity of villainy, so debased and horrible that it is almost unparalleled in the history of female crime, was human?

After a time the body was cut down from the rope, was lowered into the open coffin, and was sprinkled with lime and water. The lid was nailed down, and Mrs. Dyer was seen no more by mortal eye.

As her life had been, so was her death; evil and not good to think upon.

The case of Mrs. Dyer is an instance of a terrible and loathsome traffic flourishing in our midst.

The baby farmer is a convenient institution for those unnatural mothers who wish to rid themselves of the offspring of their illicit passions.

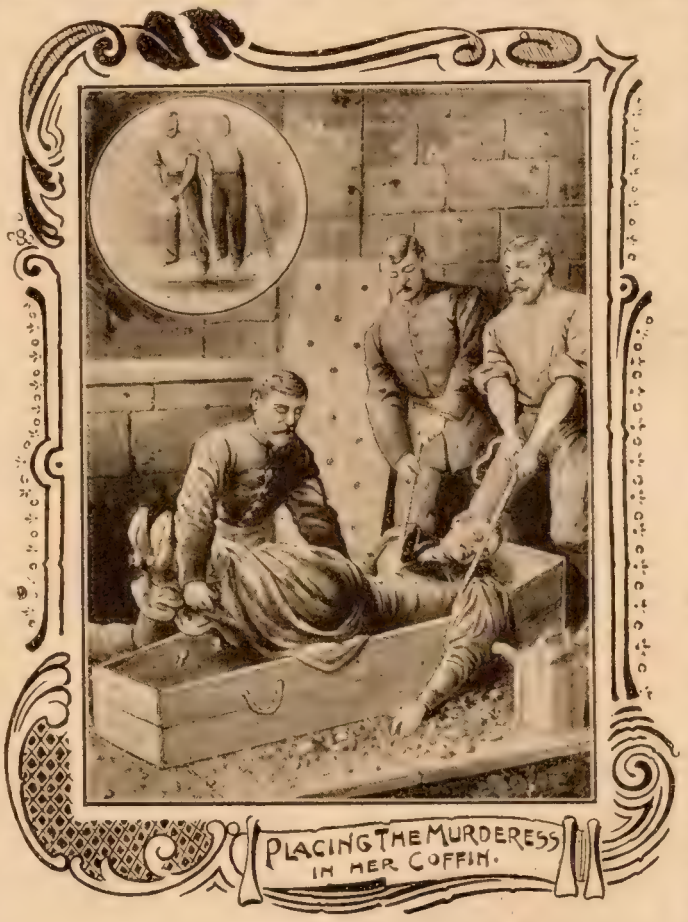
Such mothers are, alas! only too numerous, and when a business, no matter how vile and loathsome it be of itself, can prove remunerative, there are always to be found mean and debased individuals only too ready to turn the criminality of others to their own personal benefit.

If there were not such mothers, it is evident that, of necessity, the baby farmer must cease to exist. As it is, she abounds in modern society, and generally manages to turn her horrible trade to considerable pecuniary account.

We do not say that baby farmers are all of the monstrously inhuman description of Mrs. Dyer; but there are more ways than one of killing a child. Neglect, scarcity of proper nourishment, irregularity of sleep, dirt, improper protection against the weather, are but a few of the thousand-and-one causes liable to place a little mite in an early grave, and God only knows how many of the unhappy children consigned to the tender mercies of the "nurse" of this class, die young.

The mothers, in most cases, are satisfied, having rid themselves of the ignominy attendant to unhallowed maternity.

The baby farmers are satisfied, having once pocketed their fees and made a cheap and untroublesome bargain.



PLACING THE MURDERESS IN HER COFFIN.

The children—the children of sin!—intruders into a world that is of itself commodious, but which holds no place for them, born into misery, want and crime; perhaps, if they could only see what life had in store for them, they in most cases would be satisfied, too! However, they generally, like those shame-begotten infants through whom Mrs. Dyer made her harvest of ten-pound notes, go into the darkness early.

* * * * * * *

Two years afterwards a melancholy echo of the Dyer case was published in the papers.

Some men chanced to be digging in the back garden of a house in Bristol, when they came across a quantity of bones, buried in a rough heap. They were slight, and obviously belonged at one time to some unfortunate babies. Inquiries being made, it was ascertained that Mrs. Dyer had at one time occupied the residence. The same incident occurred in another house, in another town; some garden workers coming across the remains of a number of infants buried near the surface of the ground in a shallow pit, shaped evidently as a receptacle for the murdered children's bodies. It was proved that during her long career of never-varying crime, Mrs. Dyer had for a period occupied this dwelling also.

The exact number of her victims has never yet been ascertained with certainty, and in all probability never will be. Her career, as we have said, was long; so, also, was the list of her victims. How long, nothing but the united testimony of the dead could ever show.

Here we must leave Mrs. Dyer and her innocent host of victims; sacrificed, as how many others have been sacrificed, to greed of gold!

The whole case is peculiarly revolting on account of the extraordinary human depravity it exhibits. Apart from that criminal monstrosity, Mrs. Dyer herself, what shall be said in justification of the conduct of those mothers who lightly, and without any previous investigation, entrusted their own flesh and blood to her keeping? What can be said in justice to Mrs. Palmer, who parted from Mrs. Dyer on affectionate terms knowing that she bore with her the corpses of two murdered infants, as in all probability she knew well enough of Mrs. Dyer's inhuman traffic in children's lives? What can be said in justice? Nothing.

The drama of the Dyer murders is replete with attendant villainy and depravity of every description. It contains not one thoroughly worthy and commendable character, except those innocent little atoms of humanity that were found floating in the Thames. There is not a gleam of sunshine in the whole picture of dark and criminal wickedness.

Let us ring down the curtain!

Record Light Sentences.

THE record smallest fine which has ever been inflicted in our courts was that of one half-penny, which was the penalty awarded to a carter at Wandsworth Police Court some ten years ago, the crime of which he was convicted being that of not having his name legibly painted on the proper side of his cart, though it was easily to be seen on the other side. It may be objected that one farthing damages has frequently been the judgment of the law, but it must be remembered that cases where damages are claimed are civil cases, and involve enormous expenses in counsels' and lawyers' fees.

The shortest sentence of imprisonment which has ever been awarded to a convicted prisoner was that passed by Mr. Justice Hawkins, now Baron Brampton, in the latter part of 1887. A woman was convicted before him of bigamy under very distressing circumstances, and the "most severe judge" saw fit to condemn her to five minutes' incarceration, remarking that, as the term of punishment counted from the opening of the sessions, she would be immediately released.

It is now becoming a frequent item in the reports of assizes for persons who have been merely technically guilty of crimes, but who morally are innocent, to be ordered imprisonment for one day, which also means instant release, but the great Sir "'Enery 'Awkins" established a record which is hardly likely to be beaten.

SUSPENSE!

A Few Idle Thoughts on The Torture of Hope.

"Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in bitter discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow."
—SPENSER, "Mother Hubberd's Tale."

ONE of the leading war correspondents wrote about a conversation that he heard between two soldiers who were lying as close to the ground as they could in order to keep out of the way of the Boer bullets at the Battle of Graspan.

"I wish they'd begin."

"They'll begin soon enough, chummy."

"But it's this w'itin'."

"You're right there, chummy. I once knowed a chap as 'ad a pal as was sentenced to be 'ung. My pal went to see 'im twiced or three times. The last time, the bloke said, 'Well, it's werry good o' you to 'ave come an' seen me like this. I don't feel so cheerful this last time as I felt the first time you came. It ain't so much the bein' 'ung, it's the w'itin'! That's what takes it out of a man.' So my pal, 'e says, 'Well, be happy, old man.' 'Is that all you has to say? Could *you* be happy with all this w'itin'? Can't you say something sensible?' So my pal, 'e thought for a bit. Then 'e said, 'Yes, it is a bit 'ard, all this w'itin'. 'Ere, I'll tell yer what I should do if I was you. I should make friends with the doctor.' Hullo!"

While Number 2 had been telling all this rigmarole, Number 1, who had wished the Boers would begin, had been shot through the head, and Number 2 had been talking to ears that heard not.

This next story is in lighter vein. The scene was in a railway carriage between St. Pancras and Harpenden, on a race morning, three passengers standing up, in addition to the ordinary complement of seated passengers. Says one of the perpendiculars:

"I were at Newmarket yesterday, Jim, pigeon shootin'. 'Twas enough to make a man's hair turn grey. Lord, they couldn't miss 'em. You know 'Arry? Well, I ses to 'Arry, 'Arry, I never arst a favour off of you yet. *Will* yer?' 'Arry puts 'is 'and on my shoulder, an' ses, 'Not this bird, Simmy; not this bird, but the next.' I tell you the suspense was enough to kill a man. There I was, stoney broke; an' jest because I daren't bet, there the toffs kept missin' of 'em! An' all my punters 'ad made a move, bettin' with other folks. An' the price 'ad broke, too! They was only layin' about seven to four on the gun when it came to 'Arry's proper shot! I took fifteen pound ter ten, an' it seemed as if they'd never pull the string; an' there was ringin' in my ears all the time, 'Ere, let's see the colour of your money before we lay the odds ter you.' An' then 'Arry might sell me a pup; or 'e might 'it by accident; or 'e might forget all abaht it! I don't want any more sensations like that!"

"Well, 'ow did it all end? 'Arry did miss, I suppose?"

"Miss? Yes; missed like a nobleman! He came round an' sed, 'Ow much did yer make?' 'Thirty bob,' ses I. 'Well,' ses 'e, 'I don't think much of yer. But I'll just trouble yer for twenty bob of it, an' no waitin' till the shootin's all over.' So I gives 'im the thick 'un, an' I don't care if I never sees 'is ugly nut again for some time."

They collected the tickets at St. Albans. 'Arry was there, stretching his legs on the St. Albans platform. "Simmy" had some more suspense. He wondered whether any of his hearers would "give him away" to 'Arry, and, if nobody did, what would be the least sum that it would be necessary for him to disburse amongst the crowd in consideration of their having held their tongues.

Once more we return to tragedy. In 1880, General Burrows was marching in the regions about the River Helmund, some fifty miles from Kandahar. With him there was an infantry soldier under sentence of death for killing a native. The soldier had been sentry over some rum, had put a straw through the bung, and had helped himself, the native looking on at the time. As the native was likely to tell of him, the soldier ran him through with his bayonet. He was tried, sentenced to death, and his sentence had been confirmed by the Governor-General of India. All that they were waiting for was the assembly of a sufficiently large force to make their presence at the hanging sufficiently important. Men who are now commissionaires in Fleet Street can remember seeing the prisoner being marched at the end of every day's journey to the chaplain's tent for spiritual consolation.

One day, with hardly any warning, Ayub Khan's force was seen. Lieutenant Maclaine, R.H.A., galloped his two guns ever so far ahead, did not do much harm to the enemy, but caused the General to have to fight the battle considerably further to the front than he would otherwise have done. It was the memorable Battle of Maiwand, in which the 66th Regiment behaved so gallantly. But it was a rout, and the remnant of the force had to make for Kandahar again. The prisoner had managed to get hold of a rifle somehow or other.

Now, ages ago, it very likely was the case that any prisoner who had arms put into his possession ceased to be a prisoner. That was not the state of things in 1880. But this poor chap kept asking every officer who came near him, "You don't suppose they'll hang me now, do you, sir? You don't suppose they'll hang me now?" Nobody could give him much consolation.

And nobody knows what became of him. In all probability he had his throat cut, having straggled into some of the villages on the line of retreat to try and get a drink of water. He may have died of thirst or of starvation. And he may be alive now, wandering about in Afghanistan or in Persia, having changed his identity and forgotten his name.

There never was anybody of whom it more truly might be said that he was between the devil and the deep sea.

It is not only the prisoner who is in the agonies of suspense. There are his friends and relations as well. As the ballad has it:

"Never a sound was uttered;
Only the tick of the clock,
As she waited to hear the verdict
On her boy in the prisoner's dock."

Of course the song makes the youngster get acquitted. But it may be the other way, and then there is the suspense until the Home Secretary's views are made known. At the time of the Siege of Alexandria, some bluejackets had become scared at seeing some camels when they were on sentry. They were sentenced to death, and reprieved by instalments, late on the morning fixed for their execution. That was barbarous. About a year ago we were wondering whether Commandant Kruitzinger was going to be found guilty of a capital offence, and whether he would be hanged, or shot, or reprieved. But, happily, he was acquitted, though not unanimously. He is a brave fellow, and we are quite ready now to believe that he really was a Free Stater and not a Cape rebel.

When a prisoner is acquitted by a court-martial, the fact is made known to him by his being released in open court. It was not always so. As recently as 1879 a prisoner did not know the verdict until the proceedings of the court-martial had been confirmed by the proper authority. Nowadays, if a prisoner be found guilty, evidence as to character and particulars of service is called after the finding, but before the sentence. But if a man be charged with being in possession of property of a comrade, and with having murdered that comrade by throwing him from the top of a fort, and he be found not guilty of the murder, but guilty of the other charge, they still take evidence as to character. Consequently, there is no automatic means of his finding out that he has been acquitted on the capital charge. It is said that Captain Carey, who had run away when the Prince Imperial was killed, was sent home to England unaware whether he was to be shot or whether he was not to be punished at all. It may be worth remarking that in the Franco-Prussian War a German officer was shot for remaining to earn individual glory in behaving exactly as Carey failed to behave. In a letter of Sir George Pomeroy Colley there is told the story of the interview between Buller, Evelyn Wood, and Carey. Buller is represented as saying, "You ought to be shot, sir. I could shoot you myself." Nowadays one considers that to be kicking a man when he is down. No more Princes Imperial or Henry of Battenberg will be allowed to accompany British armies.

MARY CALLADER.

THE STORY OF TWO WOMEN AND A MAN.

"Who could foresee that passion could have wrought
Such change within her being; who could know
From virgin heights this soul of fair import
Would fall to depths so low?"

—RANDAL CHARLTON.

A THINKER once said that life is a tragedy to those who feel, a comedy to those who think.

Like most epigrams this is a half truth.

The heroine of the following story was one of those individuals to whom life would have been a tragedy, no matter under what circumstances her fortune had been cast. When we say this, we do not mean that she was necessarily a person predisposed to crime or acts of violence, but rather that she was one of those persons whose intense and arbitrary emotions deny them the comedian's gay heart, and the philosopher's tranquillity; one of those sad souls that are for ever tossed upon a turbulent sea of unreasoning intensity.

When our heroine was a child she lived in a small village, situated in the North of England, with her widowed mother and one sister.

She was by no means a strong girl; thin and spare of stature, with a white, pinched face and remarkably fine eyes—dark eyes that were brilliant, and glowed, even at that early age, with the spark of passion.

The possibilities of such a child were infinite. An enthusiastic observer would have prophesied greatness for her; a judicious observer, thoroughness in whatever she undertook.

Some of her playfellows hated her, and some loved her; to some she was an affectionate and a faithful little friend, to others she was a spitfire. She never liked anyone; she either loved them passionately or detested them with all the strength of her unbridled emotions.

For those whom she favoured with her regard, she would do anything and everything, sacrificing her pleasure to theirs, and her fondest wishes to their lightest whim.

To her mother she was passionately attached; indeed, so overpowering was the force of her affection that her parent was almost afraid of her daughter's love, afraid lest its burning ardours should prove too much for the delicate frame that supported them. Once Mary—the child's name—thought that the mother showed a preference for her elder sister, considered herself injured, and threatened to make away with herself.

An intensity of feeling in one so young, an intensity that could drive a child to the brink of self-destruction, is, to say the least, unusual; and one can understand more easily, remembering this incident, her mother's fears for her ultimate welfare.

Some day, reflected the anxious woman, Mary will find a lover, and then—this tale will tell the rest.

There was a certain girl in the village to whom Mary was particularly attached.

Agnes D—— was a school friend of Mary's, of about the same age, but of a widely dissimilar temperament. The two girls became intimate, and the intimacy grew and ripened until they became inseparable, and their friendship a local by-word.

The wishes of one were the wishes of the other, they laughed together, wept together, played and learnt together, and their parents and relations looked on with kindly indulgence at the two flowers of girlhood mingling their blossoms and thriving in goodness and beauty under the influence of a fond and mutual affection.

These days were to Agnes and Mary days spent in paradise, but, alas! maturity is for ever despoiling the paradises of youth, wrecking its resolutions, and dispelling with the cold, hard light of reality its fondly imagined illusions. The time was even now approaching when the winds of disorder should blow upon these twin flowers of grace, and content should tear apart their mingled tendrils and scatter their blossoms in autumnal oblivion. But we anticipate. Let this history speak for itself.

When girlhood was ripening into womanhood, when the breasts of Agnes and Mary were trembling with new knowledge, new hopes, and new desires, there came a young man named John Callader into their elysium of content and happiness; and with him entered Discord and The Furies, and, as is not infrequently the case, Discord marched arm in arm with love, not the pure and serene love of girl for girl, but the overmastering love, the greater, yet, in some senses, the lesser love, of a man for a woman, of a woman for a man.

Callader, who was a German by birth, was a tall, handsome young man, possessed of agreeable manners and an attractive personality.

He found the society of the two girls engaging, he laboured to acquire their esteem and regard, and he succeeded; indeed, his efforts were crowned with a success far exceeding his expectations.

At first Agnes and Mary found in John a pleasant companion, but no more; there was certainly a piquancy in this intimacy with a member of the other sex. They found the mysterious male a tractable and docile enough creature when in their company, quite tame, and, moreover, willing to be the slave of their lightest wish. All this had the charm of freshness; the two young girls considered that they were playing a new game, and that a pastime as harmless as the cruder diversions of their childish days.

But behold a change!

Agnes and Mary began to tire of each other's society, they became enamoured of solitude, and brooded apart over secrets that at present they did not fully comprehend themselves. Mary was surprised, and even alarmed, at her own falsity in wishing to be alone with Callader. Agnes's company had become irksome to her; she knew not why, and she did not trouble to find out, but again and again she found herself hoping that business or pressing engagements would preclude her girl friend from sharing the evening walk which the three young people usually took together.

Strangely enough, Agnes had similar desires, and reproached herself in much the same fashion for what she considered was treachery to Mary. Although the two girls were secretly drifting apart, they redoubled in public their outward display of friendship, mutually seeking by diffuse acts of affection and goodwill to blind the other's eyes to the alteration that was taking place in the heart.

As we have said, with John Callader, Discord and The Furies entered into this history; the first fruits of Discord's labour we behold in two young girls, formerly fond and inseparable, playing the hypocrite, but the more grievous workings of The Furies have yet to come.

Women, as a rule, do not analyse their emotions, and this is chiefly because they do not possess emotions—emotions possess them. Still, in this case, Mary, pricked into intellectual activity by an unquiet conscience, sought hard to determine the cause of the growing coldness in her heart towards Agnes. Why did she no longer rush into the embraces of her friend with her former spontaneous gushes of warm affection? Why did she no longer look into those sisterly eyes with a pure, trusting love? Why was it that no longer could that sisterly bosom afford consolation and complete comfort and rest? Why was it that she found herself constantly, yet half unconsciously, covertly watching the movements of Agnes, seeking to probe into the mysteries of her heart, wondering and conjecturing as to the state of her affections? Why was it that she actually avoided the society of her whose presence had formerly been the dearest in the world?

Poor child! she sat, asking herself innumerable questions, brooding over her shifting thoughts, and considering herself a moral renegade for her secret unfaithfulness to her friend. She sat for hours trying to solve the emotional riddle, to find a convincing explanation of her own fickleness. Suddenly the whole truth dawned upon, nay, rushed upon, in a flood of light, illuminating the darkest and the most remote recesses of her woman's being. Her love for Agnes had not been killed, but had been absorbed into a far greater and more powerful love—a love for John Callader—and such a

nature as Mary's was too strenuous to suppport two affections, so it had been a battle between Agnes and John, and, as everyone versed in the primary signs of the human heart would have prophesied, the man conquered.

From that moment of self-discovery Mary never held a secret from herself. She knew to its limitless limit, the strength of her passionate love for John, and in knowing this she was gloriously happy; and she knew that that other love of hers, that former sisterly, half-childish, unsexual affection for Agnes was for ever dead, and in knowing this she was gloriously unhappy, and shed a few tributary tears over the corpse of her former self. One day she saw Agnes and John walking together, and, to her imaginative eyes, they appeared to be on terms of greater familiarity than she had ever noticed before. From that moment she recognised in Agnes an enemy, from that moment she vowed herself to Agnes a constant and implacable foe; she was ready to fight for the man she loved, strong and eager for the fray, and, indeed, no mean antagonist.

And all this time, what of John? He was swaying between two possibilities—Agnes and Mary. He was flattered by the evident admiration he had kindled in the breasts of the two young woman; at first he liked both impartially, then he imagined he had a preference for one, and then for the other, and in the pleasant occupation of determining upon which fortunate girl the blessing of his affections should fall, he spent some time.

In his lighter and more flippant moods Agnes found the greater favour in his eyes, but when his thoughts took a serious turn, Mary, with her earnest manner, her black, burning eyes, and strenuous voice, took entire possession of his imagination, and he vowed that she should be his wife.

After Mary had awakened to a true knowledge of the state of her feelings towards Callader, her manner, when she was in his company, entirely changed. She became alternately reserved and frank, gay and sad; in short, love had given her artifice, and she practised upon John all the arts, the entrancing arts, that only Eros can teach.

Callader succumbed. One day when alone with Mary he took her in his arms and kissed her, and avowed in glowing terms his passion. Mary clung to him with all the ecstasy of a newly confessed love; he had made his avowal, now she made hers; his kisses scorched her lips, hers consumed him in their burning fire.

He asked her to become his wife, and she promised readily, freely, eagerly confessing that he was the only possible happiness the world possessed for her. Poor Mary was a novice in worldly or womanly wisdom, or she would never have yielded so easily to Callader's solicitations for her hand and heart. She did not know that a judicious denial of a man's desires is the surest way to stimulate his ardour.

As it was, John left her, tingling with the warmth of her kisses, yet strangely dissatisfied.

His conquest had been so easy that he could not reasonably pride himself upon its achievement. Still, passion compensated him in some measure, and he was ready enough to abide by the bargain he had struck.

He had hardly left Mary's side when she was joined by Agnes.

"Was that John I saw leaving?" said the girl, regarding her friend with troubled eyes.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Because I love him."

The words rang out clear and unwavering. With a start, Mary, fluttered and wildly excited, turned on Agnes, pale, trembling, yet unsubdued.

"You love him! You! What right have you?"

"Right! Well, for that matter——"

"Mr. Callader has proposed to me, I have accepted him, and we are going to be married, so I suppose I have a right," said Mary, with a note of triumph in her voice.

Agnes reeled back under the shock of the news, her face blanched, but her eyes blazed. She bent forward and caught Mary by the wrist, and peered into her smiling, half-scornful countenance.

"My God, is this true? You dare not lie to me!"

"Daren't!"

"No, no, you wouldn't lie. Tell me, is it true?"

"True as gospel. But what is all this to you?"

"To me! Oh, not much. I thought he loved me."

"Oh, did you? Thought he loved you! How believing! No, he never gave you a moment's consideration. It's me he was thinking of; it's me he loves; it's me he's going to marry. You! How ridiculous! No; take your goods to another market."

Mary poured out her words in an angry torrent, her eyes flashed fire, her lips quivered, and she burst into a wild peal of laughter. Agnes cowed before this onslaught, her cheeks paled, and she shrank from the other woman's wrath, but for all that a cunning look stole into her eyes. In a minute she had become very calm, even callous, in her demeanour. She smoothed her hair with a dainty hand, and her lips puckered up into a smile.

She turned to go, but came back, and putting her face very close to Mary's, whispered into her ear:

"Marry him, my dear, marry him, by all means. But you shall not keep him, I promise. I swear that I will steal him from you. As sure as there is a God, he shall leave you and come to me."

Mary was transformed into a fury, she turned her face, blazing with anger and hate, upon Agnes; but that young lady fled on nimble feet from her enemy's wrath.

The echo of her mocking laugh haunted Mary through the night. As soon as she saw Callader again she retailed to him the whole of the scene with Agnes—another proof of her unworldly folly.

"She shan't steal you from me. She can't, can she?"

Took her in his arms.

said Mary, clinging to her lover, and speaking with her lips close to his.

"Of course she can't, my dear," said John, and kissed her.

Nevertheless the young man in his innermost heart felt a certain gratification at having the blind love of two beautiful girls squandered upon him. He would not have admitted it, but his vanity was agreeably flattered.

The day before the marriage he met Agnes by chance, and stopped and spoke to her.

"What's all this I hear from Mary?" said he, smiling down at the girl. "You think I shall repent my marriage?"

"I'm sure you will."

"And why?"

"You'll want me. See if you don't."

She ran away laughing, and, strangely, Callader felt inwardly disquieted by the confidence of her manner, by the assurance written in her smiling eyes.

Should he want her? Should he regret the wedding? Should he come in future years a kneeling supplicant before the feet of Agnes?

Nonsense! he brushed aside such thoughts. And yet—and yet, at the moment he stood before the altar with Mary, vowing to be true and faithful to her through life, the image

of Agnes's face rose up before him, and put up red, inviting lips close to his, and he shuddered in the middle of the ceremonial, thinking he had been kissed by a shadow.

But of all this Mary was sublimely unconscious, and, being ignorant, enjoyed a transient spell of entrancing bliss.

And Agnes sat apart from her friends and wept in secret, but sometimes she smiled through her tears, seeing a vista of the future.

The Calladers, subsequent to the wedding festivities, removed to London, where John was employed in a well-known shipping house. The first year of marriage passed without adventure, it served to strengthen and confirm, if that were possible, Mary's affection for her husband, and to moderate and subdue the ardours of his love for her.

the girl wept on her shoulder, and asked forgiveness for the wicked words she had uttered in a childish temper. Mary thought she often detected in the other woman's eyes a look of mockery, a gleam of expectant triumph.

One night her husband was late returning home, and, being particularly fatigued, Mary went to bed, and had hardly slipped into the sheets before she was asleep. She awoke with a start, feeling strangely cold and lonely; her husband had not returned, the fire had gone out in the grate, but it was still dark. She judged it to be about three o'clock in the morning. She huddled on her clothes, and sat by the window in an agony of doubt and fear, hearing the quarter hours struck on a large clock outside, until the grey faint light of dawn glimmered over the eastern world. And still

AND THEN THEY FOUGHT.

Mary was quick to observe this, and equally quick to do all in her power to retain her husband's heart, but she lacked artifice, and Callader tired of her crude, if honest, methods to jog a halting passion.

At this crisis Agnes once again appeared on the scene. She had come to London, was engaged in a large business firm, and had, on her arrival in the capital, at once sought out her former friends. Callader insisted that his wife should receive her on the terms of intimacy that had formerly existed between them.

Mary, usually so ready to anger, we should have expected to rise up in wrath against this proposition of her husband's; but no, she consented with the greatest docility.

Perhaps she thought by acts such as this, acts of indulgence to his wishes, acts of self-renunciation, she would more securely possess his heart.

Inwardly, she distrusted Agnes as much as ever, although she sat waiting, waiting, waiting for the husband that was never to return!

The early postman brought her a letter, which was unsigned, and contained the following message:

"I have kept my word. I have won him from you. We celebrate our marriage now."

With a cry of dismay the woman threw up her arms and fell upon the bed, and there for some time she wept over her ruined life, over her ruined hopes, and over her ruined love that could never be utterly effaced. But hers was not a nature to suffer wrong without endeavouring to deal reprisals. She did not weep in impotence long, but, throwing over her shoulders a cloak, putting on a hat, and taking all the ready money she could lay her hands on, she left the house.

She was determined to find John and Agnes at all costs. What she should do when confronted with her faithless lover and her abandoned "friend" she did not trouble about, the whole of her mental, as well as her physical energies, being engaged in discovering the abode of the missing couple.

The whereabouts of Agnes were not known at the house of business she had been employed at, and at the shipping firm where John had worked all that could be told Mary was that he had left suddenly without giving notice or receiving any.

Then it was that the distracted wife thought of Grimsby Docks. She knew Callader had friends there, and had frequented the district before his acquaintance with her.

What spot so likely, then, as Grimsby to afford the runaways a retreat?

Mary had little money, and this she reserved to buy food with, so she journeyed to Grimsby on foot, sustained all the while by the burning anger within her, the flames of jealousy, and the flames of righteous wrath that mingled within her bosom, and burnt up all her finer and nobler traits and characteristics.

Every weary step she took on that weary journey hardened her heart a little more; every privation, every indignity she suffered, added to the store of unrequited wrong she stored within her breast.

When she reached her destination, Mary Callader was no longer a woman—she was an instrument of vengeance.

It was evening, dusk was turning to darkness, and the stars began to twinkle over the face of the water. The townspeople had finished work, and were all bent on pleasure, or the comforts of their homes. None of them heeded the white-faced, journey-stained woman, who walked with a slight limp, and who stared so fixedly before her. True misery is ever unobtrusive.

For a long time the wretched Mary wandered over the town, half dazed and half conscious, seeking her husband and his paramour. She did not think of procuring a night's lodging, or of taking some food, although she had fasted since early morning. Her one thought was her husband and Agnes. It was quite dark, the moon was up, and the lonely spaces of ground by the water were deserted by all but a few hardy lovers, when Mary found herself nearing the river.

She saw two people standing some distance before her, with their arms entwined, looking up at the stars. She did not notice them much at first; they were evidently lovers—she had met scores of such couples during the evening—besides, what had love to do with her.

Suddenly she stopped walking, her listless manner was gone, she stood up straight, with her hands clenched, her breath coming in short, thick pants, and her eyes blazing fury. John Callader and Agnes were standing before her.

"Oh, Lord, Thou hast delivered mine enemy into my hands."

This was Mary's thought, and her feeling was one of intense, almost savage gratitude to providence for befriending so her enterprise of vengeance.

She heard John and Agnes laugh in low tones at some loving jest, she saw their lips meet in one long, lingering kiss. Oh, the moon was kind to-night! Surely it had never shone so brightly, so vividly before!

She advanced with slow, silent steps, treading like a cat that is wary, and then she suddenly stooped, and crouched like a panther ready to spring upon its unexpectant prey.

Then she sprang forward. A cry, a scream; a struggle!

She was on her husband's back, her hands were closed like a vice around his throat, and with the strength of mad, love-nurtured hate, she raised him from the ground and hurled him from her.

A splash! a scream of agonised terror! and then a gurgle!

John Callader was in the water, battling for his life with an unfamiliar element. Above him stood Mary, a pale, haggard, wrath-consumed fury, laughing a wild, horrible laugh, and by her side was Agnes, still hardly conscious of what had happened.

Oh, the moon was kind to-night! Surely it had never shone so vividly before upon a drowning man's face, never so clearly illuminated the fear of death in human eyes, never gleamed so brightly upon a man's last terrorised struggles for respite from eternity.

"Help! help! murder! help!" The cries are lost and unavailing.

Then Agnes rushes to the river's brink, and calls out wildly to her lover to save himself.

"Agnes—love—help!" The words are stifled, and come but faintly from the drowning man's throat. His face grows less distinct, is lost, obliterated from sight by the seething water, and all the women see is a black, struggling mass that rises, sinks, rises, and sinks to rise no more.

Oh, the moon is kind to-night! Did it ever shine so benignantly before upon such calm, untroubled waters?

"John! John! my love, my life! answer me, for God's sake! answer me!"

A woman's voice—the voice of Agnes? No, the voice of Mary—Mary the greatly loving, the passionate, the distraught—Mary the murderess.

She runs to and fro on the edge of the river, calling on her husband to answer her; she is no longer a fury, there is no hate in her. Wondrous providence! she is transformed again into a loving, suffering woman But the other woman, who had sunk to the ground, and had lain for a while there weeping, rises, and, catching Mary by the wrist, speaks into her ear.

"John is dead. You have killed him. Did you hear his last words? He loved me, not you."

And then they fought—tore, scratched, and battered each other in fury, in wrath, in madness—seeking each other's death with the tiger's lust for blood.

Torn and bedraggled clothes, unkempt and ruffled hair, bleeding faces, snarling lips, polluted with words foul from the gutter and the refuse heaps of humanity, and eyes horrible with hate. What a picture these two women made, and they had once been two flowers of girlhood, mingling their blossoms in sisterly love, in smiling and innocent content.

But John Callader, who had wrought this change within them, saw it not, for he lay wrapt in eternal sleep beneath the calmest of waters.

When Mary left Agnes, stunned, bleeding, and insensible, she fled from the spot; why, she knew not; whither, she knew not. She fled all through that night, and the morning found her miles distant from Grimsby. Of her subsequent wanderings we have no record. A warrant was out for her arrest on a charge of murder, and a vigorous search after her was prosecuted, but in vain.

One day, however, some three weeks after the tragedy we have detailed, she gave herself up to the authorities.

It was thought she was quite an old woman, but this was in sorrow, not in years. She confessed that her life, subsequent to her crime, had been living torment; she had never rested or slept, she said, since the night of her guilty deed

She was tried, and sentenced to be hanged, but this sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life.

When she heard of her reprieve she burst into tears

"They are unkind not to hang me," she said, and so passed out of public notice into the dread oblivion of a convict's life, and her own soul-harrowing reflections.

Verily, Love brings to us sometimes strange companions. We could wish that in the case of Mary Callader the god had left Discord and the Furies behind before he had visited her with his pleasures and his pains.

But it is useless arguing with the immortals!

A Strange Sentence of Death.

AMONG the most extraordinary reasons for sending a man to the scaffold, that in the case of a French soldier named Vertjoie must rank the highest. He was tried by court-martial at Oran for an attempt to desert. Suddenly he extracted from his mouth a quid of tobacco which he was chewing, and flung it in the face of Colonel Thiery, who was presiding. Immediately the original court was dissolved, and then reconstituted, when the poor private was sentenced to be shot for an assault on his superior while on duty. This absurd sentence was actually carried out.

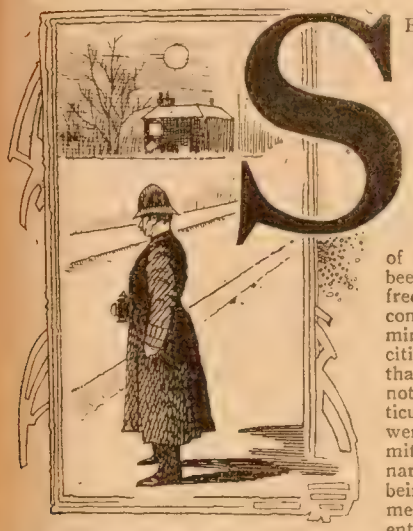
Up-to-date Smuggling.

A CLEVER ruse was lately perpetrated on one of the officers of the Custom House at one of our principal ports. A lady had just landed from the Cross Channel boats, carrying in her arms a fine baby. She was approached by one of the examiners, who asked her if she had anything to declare. She said that she had nothing dutiable in her boxes, and asked that one of the female searchers might hold her child while she got the keys of her baggage, at the same time adding, "If you will only shake this rattle for baby, he will be as good as gold." The matron took the infant, and vigorously shook the toy, while the officer examined the boxes, of course finding nothing. Then the baby was delivered to his mother, and she departed by the train. Shortly afterwards it transpired that the rattle which the Government servant had been shaking was filled with valuable diamonds which were being smuggled into the country.

Constable Cooke's Crime.

The Murder of . . MAUD MERTON on Wormwood Scrubbs.

"'Tis an old tale, and often told."
—Sir WALTER SCOTT, 'Marmion."



SELDOM do our favoured guardians of the peace step into the ranks of those from whom they are supposed to protect us, but such lapses are not uncommon altogether, and of late they have been rather more frequent than is comfortable to the mind of the average citizen. It is true that such crimes are not, as a rule, particularly heinous were they committed by the ordinary individual, but, being perpetrated by men to whom are entrusted the lives and property of the community at large, the offences become magnified in a tenfold degree. That we should require to be protected from our protectors is an anomaly somewhat peculiar; nevertheless, it is occasionally true that the public suffer at the hands of their guardians, and the existence of the various watch committees, and such like associations, is justified by events. In many instances the camaraderie among the police prevents justice being reached, as in the case of the poor youth who was bludgeoned to death by an irate constable during the Lloyd-George riot in Birmingham. The blue-coated miscreant who was guilty of that outrage is still, presumably, a member of the force in the midland capital, for all the efforts of the Watch Committee have failed to discover him. Doubtless some of his comrades are perfectly well aware of his identity, but feel themselves bound by the spirit of "chumship" to conceal his name from their superiors. Thus the law is defeated by its own representatives, and the uneasiness of the people as to the proper safeguarding of their interests is increased.

Murder in a cold-blooded form is, however, extremely rare among the police. Even justifiable homicide, as when an officer slays some ruffian in self-defence at the time of capture, is of most infrequent occurrence, though the reverse, unhappily, has often taken place. On the whole, as a body, we may say that the police, though not immaculate, are remarkably free from crime. They have their temptations like other men, and human nature must now and then succumb.

In the case of George Samuel Cooke, a constable of the X Division, who was convicted of the murder of an unfortunate girl at Wormwood Scrubbs, in the year 1893, some slight palliation of the crime may be offered, though he suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Newgate on July 25th of that year. When in the E Division at Bow Street, he bore an exceptionally good character. He was head member at the station, and had been connected with the force for five years. His physique was magnificent, standing, as he did, just upon six feet in his stocking soles, with fine chest measurement. His weight was twelve stone, and there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones. In addition to these advantages he was possessed of a pleasing countenance, a handsome carriage, and a genial, if somewhat hasty, temper. He was a favourite among his comrades, and was regarded with satisfaction by his superiors. Brought up to the sea, for he had been a fisherman before joining the Metropolitan Police, he had all that breeziness of manner which usually accompanies a seafaring life. Upon the whole, he was a man likely to rise above the rank and file in the path of life which he had chosen, had not an unfortunate connection which he had formed acted as a clog upon his footsteps.

Maud Merton, or Smith, or Croucher, or Cooke, as she was variously called—the last being the constable's own name—had been a barmaid in certain hostelries of London. She was endowed with more than the ordinary share of good looks, which, undoubtedly, was the cause of her downfall, as it has been of so many of her sex from time immemorial. Cooke had nothing to do with that, however, as she was already leading a loose life when he first met her in the neighbourhood of the Strand about two years and a half before the night of the tragedy. The mighty Samson had his Delilah, and Maud Smith, which was believed to be her real name, was the Delilah who lured poor Constable Cooke to his ultimate doom, bringing death to herself in the meanwhile. It is a curious psychological fact that even the most abandoned women are not incapable of the tender passion. The Helens, the Cleopatras, the Faustinas of ancient history were not insensible to the influences of love, and the veriest drab of the modern streets has generally her "fancy man," for whom she will make the most pitiful sacrifices, and at whose hands she will endure untold miseries. There can be little doubt that Maud loved George Cooke with all the affection she was capable of, but he was no "fancy man." Though he had been accused of living upon her immoral earnings, the evidence at his trial pointed all the other way. When the pair agreed to live together, Cooke did everything in his power to wean her from the life she had been leading. He took rooms, and gave her money to the extent of his ability, but Maud would not run straight. The habits of the pavement had become ingrained in her, and she could not throw them off. It seems inevitable in women that, when once they fall, they can seldom regain their respectability. In a few instances it has happened that a fallen woman has become a happy and virtuous wife. The Empress Theodora, to wit, the comic actress, who used publicly to prostitute herself in the circus of Byzantium, became the wife of the great Constantine, and her after-life was marked by decorum, and even dignity. But, as has been said, such cases are rare, and require much strength of character and careful watchfulness. Maud, poor girl, was weak. She had a mother living somewhere about Holloway, it was said, but she had long since freed herself from all maternal care, and of her own will had not the stamina to regain her lost position.

Cooke's occupation necessitated sometimes daily, and sometimes nightly absences, as his duty compelled them. However much she might have cared for her handsome paramour, Maud could not endure being alone. She had become accustomed to the society of men, and so, when her protector was away, she relapsed into the old style of life. She took men to the rooms that Cooke paid for, and conducted herself on the same lines as before.

It could not be supposed that such proceedings could continue without reaching the ears of the man who had charged himself with her well-being. Cooke soon came to hear of them, and there were disastrous quarrels in consequence. Still, they did not separate. At that time the man was really fond of the girl, and for a space did not despair of reforming her. In her softer moods she was a fascinating creature, though her tongue was sharp enough when roused to anger.

For a time they lived together in Quinn Square, Lambeth, and afterwards in Stangate Street. Indeed, they seemed to have frequently moved from place to place on the south side, but their different lodgings were never far apart.

In vain Cooke did all in his power towards the reforming process. Maud was deaf to his entreaties. She would make him the most solemn promises of amendment, but when his back was turned she was off to the streets again. At last, despairing of doing any good with poor Maud, he resolved to put an end to the disreputable connection. At the first hint, however, Maud was furious. No matter how she might have misconducted herself with other men, she was still deeply attached to her good-looking policeman, and the thought of a severance drove her to frenzy. She threatened to report him to his superiors, and accuse him of the vilest turpitude, which would lower him in the eyes of all men, and for a period the unhappy fellow bore with her. Nevertheless, his mind was made up that a separation must take place. He saw that his visions of reforming the girl were baseless, and at length he

told her that the time of parting had arrived. She tried every means she could think of to retain him by her side—cried, cajoled, threatened—but Cooke stood firm.

Seeing that her power was gone, Maud carried out the threat, which, probably, in the first instance, she had never dreamt of fulfilling. She went to Bow Street, and told a beautifully concocted tale of having been robbed of her property by Cooke, who, she said, had been living on her earnings as a prostitute. That there was no truth in this statement was abundantly proved by witnesses at the trial. It was the mean revenge of an exasperated woman trying to wrong the man who had been kind to her. Those who know the inner nature of woman will have no surprise at the course taken by Maud. "Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned," and Maud imagined in her warped mind that Cooke had scorned her. The result of her machinations was that Cooke was transferred from the E to the X Division, which controls the Notting Hill district, and has its chief station in Notting Dale.

This in itself was a degradation, but, to mark the displeasure of his superiors, Cooke was also docked of a month's leave. These things happened in May, a month before the date of the murder.

What transpired during Cooke's sojourn at Notting Hill before the fatal 6th of June can only vaguely be conjectured; but that Maud had certainly visited him there was proved by the landlady of 39, Silchester Road, where Cooke lodged, who identified the body of the girl as that of a young woman who

Told a beautifully concocted tale.

had called upon him, and who passed by the name of "Maud." In the meantime, the ill-fated constable had been paying his addresses to a respectable young servant girl, and had become engaged to be married to her. However, as the song says, "It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new." Cooke, in his haste, had reckoned without Maud. By some ill wind the news of the engagement was blown to the ears of Cooke's discarded mistress, and she descended upon Notting Hill like a whirlwind, filled with rage, and heedless in her wrath. Now we come to the murder.

On the morning of the 6th of June Cooke received a letter from Maud asking him to meet her. By Cooke's own story, he had seen her on the Saturday previous with a soldier named "Atkins," to whom she introduced him. It turned out that this soldier, whose proper name was Edkins, was a trooper in the Dragoon Guards, who had been living with her since Cooke went to Notting Hill, but who had separated from her for the same reason that Cooke had. At that meeting she had said, according to the accused, that she was going to Boulogne. She never went there, however, for on the 6th of June, which was a Tuesday, we find her at Notting Hill. At about eight o'clock on that evening a young woman, afterwards identified as the deceased, called at the Notting Dale police-station, and inquired of Constable Rosewarne what duty Police Constable 385 Cooke was on. She was told he was on night duty, but she said she knew where he lived in Silchester Road. Now, according to Cooke, a little girl came to his lodgings about nine o'clock on Tuesday night, and told him a lady wished to see him near the "Prince of Wales's Feathers" public-house. He walked there, but saw no one he knew, and went on duty at the station at a quarter to ten. The next we see of her is at twenty minutes past ten, when Police Constable Harris, who was on fixed point duty near the "North Pole" public-house, was spoken to by her. She asked him where 385 was on duty, saying, "I am told he is on prison duty." Harris replied that he (385) had just gone along the North Pole Road, and pointed in that direction. She immediately hurried after, and Harris believed he saw her join him. Mr. Grimshaw, the chemist at Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, supplies the next link in the chain of evidence. He occupied a cottage outside the walls, and near the pathway, close to which the body was found. He was probably the last man who saw the unfortunate girl alive. Returning home about a quarter to eleven, he found a woman talking to a constable outside the house. They were answering each other angrily, and he heard the man say, "I don't know where he (or she) is." All then became quiet. Later he heard a voice say, "Are you going now?" but it struck him it was not the same voice as that which he had heard before. As he passed the constable by the cottage he wished him "good night," and the man replied quietly and respectfully; the woman, however, appeared to be very ang

Thus far we have traced Maud Smith slowly, step by step, along the darkening road to her death. It was to happen very soon now. The chemist, Mr. Grimshaw, went indoors at a quarter to eleven. About eleven o'clock it began to rain. The ground under Maud's dead body when it was found was dry, while all around was wet. Thus it was established beyond possibility of doubt that Maud had been done to death between the time that Mr. Grimshaw saw her, and the hour when the rain began to fall. It gives but a quarter of an hour for the terrible injuries from which the girl died to have been inflicted.

It is a singular circumstance in this case, showing the unpremeditated nature of the crime, that it was purely by accident Cooke was alone on duty that night. His beat lay around the Wormwood Scrubbs prison walls, and he should have had a fellow-constable along with him. The duty there is what is known as a double patrol—that is, two constables have to patrol the ground together. On the fatal night, however, Cooke went out alone, his comrade, Kemp, having been detained at the station till eleven, when he took his way to join his nightly companion. Kemp met Cooke outside Mr. Grimshaw's cottage. The former had seen his comrade coming along from the direction of the Scrubbs. As a matter of fact, Cooke was approaching with his victim's blood still hot on his boot and trousers. It commenced to rain, and Cooke got his cape from behind Mr. Grimshaw's garden gate, and put it on.

"Well, chum," remarked Kemp, "did you think I was never coming?" Cooke made no reply, but, after they had gone a little way, he said, "I've been round the prison once." It rained very heavily for two or three hours, and Kemp, who had no cape, got wet through. During the night Cooke left to go to the lavatory, and was away about twenty minutes. Excepting for that short break, the two were together until four o'clock, when Kemp went off duty, leaving his chum, who would remain on duty till six. In his evidence at the trial, Kemp stated that, despite the rain, they were "jolly and jovial together all night, telling one another yarns," and he noticed nothing different in Cooke's manner. What a strange glimpse this gives us into the inner working of the human mind! Here is a man who has just battered and kicked a poor girl's head almost to a pulp—and a girl, too, with whom he had had the most intimate relations—and yet he could be "jolly and jovial" all night! Such incidents compel us to wonder if conscience and remorse actually exist in some natures.

It was not till about a quarter to six in the morning that the body of the unhappy Maud was discovered. A shepherd named Henry William Kimberley was pursuing his gentle avocation on the Scrubbs. He had been watching his flock all night, and in the dull, grey morning he approached the spot where a gruesome object lay. At that season of the year many of the homeless ones of the Great Babylon make their weary way at night to Wormwood Scrubbs, there to cast themselves on the bare earth, and seek a brief respite of re-

pose from the hunger and misery of the day. "It's rather a dangerous place," Kimberley said, "and I generally give the customers that sleep there a wide berth. I'd have passed on, leaving the body where it was, but I was attracted to it by my dog. He kept sniffing around it, and then I noticed that it was perfectly still and motionless. I moved nearer then, and saw that the head and face were covered with blood. The body was lying on its back, and it seemed to me as if the head had been turned after the corpse had lain there for some time, as there was a complete mould of the left side of the face in the congealed blood, which formed a pool around the head. One eye appeared to be smashed in, and the hair was all clotted with blood. There was no sign of a struggle about the spot, and her clothes were in no way disarranged. Deceased's hat, umbrella, and pocket-handkerchief lay at a short distance from the body."

Kimberley hurried away in search of assistance, and meeting a man, despatched him for a policeman, telling him what he had discovered. Then he returned, and remained by the body till the arrival of a constable. This turned out to be Police Constable Parish, who relieved Cooke about six o'clock on the morning of the 7th. Cooke was then about fifty or sixty yards from his beat. When Parish received information of the finding of the body, he went immediately to the scene of the murder, and saw the deceased lying as described by Kimberley. On the following morning he met Cooke, and spoke to him about leaving him (Parish) such a nasty job on the previous day. "Yes, I heard it was a nasty job," replied Cooke quietly. "But you or your mate ought to have seen the body from the prison wall," said Parish, "as it was quite light." "That was impossible," returned Cooke, "because there were sheep feeding between."

Of course the first thing that Parish did was to send for the divisional surgeon, who saw the body about seven o'clock as it still lay in the little hollow on the Scrubbs. There were marks on the face and neck as of a man's boot. The jaws seemed broken by a kick, as there was a wound underneath. The skull was fractured in two or three places, and the right eyeball was smashed in and burst. Both hands were clenched, and there was blood on the palm of the right. So said Dr. Jackson, and then the body was carted away on the ambulance to the mortuary for identification.

Inquiries were immediately instituted. Scotland Yard exerted its usual intelligence. Detectives noted for their acumen were at once set, like sleuth-hounds, on the trail. It was not very difficult to follow. Cooke had left behind him a spoor like an elephant.

On the morning of the 7th he was seen burying a truncheon in the garden of the house where he lodged. The ground was dug up, and a constable's staff and whistle were found. The staff bore the number of a man in the A Division of the police, and was covered with bloodstains. Cooke's clothes were next examined, and on the left boot spots of blood were discovered, and also on the left leg of the trousers worn on the night of 6th June. In his report at the station he had said that he was on duty with Kemp from ten o'clock on the night of the murder, suppressing the fact that he was alone till past eleven. He accounted for the bloodstains on his trousers by saying he had cut his thumb while cutting up some tobacco. He had really cut his thumb, but he was in plain clothes at the time, so the blood could not have got upon his uniform. He admitted to Inspector Morgan that the truncheon found in the garden was his, and that he had bought it for sixpence three years before. Besides, the body was identified by all those who had seen Maud inquiring for Cooke in Notting Hill the evening before the murder. The landlady of 39, Silchester Road, Constable Rosewarne, Constable Harris, and, last of all, Mr. Grimshaw, the chemist, recognised the corpse, disfigured though it was. Moreover, on the afternoon of 8th June, in a whispered communication to Constable Macdonald, who lodged with him in Silchester Road, Cooke remarked that he wished Kemp had not been at the station on the night of the 6th, adding, "And then it would not have occurred." He further whispered, "They have not got the instrument with which it was done." This was before the finding of Cooke's second truncheon with the bloodstains upon it, and there was considerable delay in reporting that discovery to the heads of the police by Macdonald. Possibly, had other circumstances not come out incriminating his comrade, Macdonald would have kept that piece of evi-

HE LOST CONTROL OF HIMSELF.

dence to himself, actuated by the spirit of camaraderie already referred to at the commencement of this account of the murder.

These facts, with the exception of Macdonald's statement, having been duly reported to Inspector Morgan at Notting Dale station, that officer took Cooke aside into his private room, and showed him the several statements that had been taken down in writing and signed. In giving his explanations, Cooke made many damaging admissions, and thereupon the inspector sent a report to the Commissioners. At six o'clock the same evening Cooke was charged with wilfully causing the death of Maud Merton, by kicking her and striking her with some blunt instrument. He made no reply to the charge.

Next morning he was brought up before Mr. Curtis Bennett, at the West London Police Court. He entered the dock with a smile, and a look of recognition towards some of the officers in court. Afterwards he leaned forward with his arms folded on the dock, and maintained a careless and indifferent air during the proceedings. Evidence was then taken, the gist of which has been given in the foregoing narrative, and the prisoner was remanded.

Before leaving the dock, Cooke stood up, and asked Mr. Curtis Bennett to allow him some of the money found upon him. Inspector Morgan said £20 was discovered in his possession, but he thought some other matter might arise of that. He should know later. The magistrate then declined to make any order for the present, and the prisoner was removed, two of his friends being permitted to see him.

The same evening the Central News gave out a startling announcement. "Any mystery," it said, "which might have been connected with the murder of the woman Maud Smith, at Wormwood Scrubbs, has been dispelled by the confession of the prisoner, George Samuel Cooke, 385X." It then went on to give a summary of the prisoner's statement, which had been made to Inspector Hatcher, and duly attested and signed. In it Cooke related in full the story of his connection with the unhappy girl, as we have already briefly sketched it. He told of their life together, and of his desire to break off with her; of his becoming engaged to a servant in the district to which he had been transferred, of Maud's pursuing him there, and all the circumstances leading up to the murder. Then he gave an account of the murder itself.

After Mr. Grimshaw had retired into his cottage, Maud, who was overwhelmed with anger because he refused to have anything more to do with her, followed him along the path, taunting and upbraiding him. He bore it for a time, but at last he lost his temper, and, wishing to get rid of her, struck her in the face with his open hand. This, however, had an exactly opposite effect from that which he had sought. She jeered at him all the more, till at last he became thoroughly exasperated, and lost control of himself. It was then he struck her with the truncheon, and, scarcely aware of what he did, showered blow after blow upon her. When she fell to the ground he kicked her once in the jaw, and then, turning away, left her weltering in her blood.

This was the gruesome story, and it was more than likely correct in every horrible detail.

After several remands, Cooke was committed to take his trial for murder at the Old Bailey. It took place on the 6th of July, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, now Lord Brampton, and lasted two days. Strenuous efforts were made to reduce the crime to one of manslaughter, but Cooke was found guilty and condemned to die.

His execution took place on July 25, 1893, when extraordinary scenes were witnessed outside Newgate. A vast crowd assembled early in the morning to await the hoisting of the black flag. Girls and women were there dancing and singing in a most disorderly fashion. Many well-dressed people of both sexes were present, attracted by a morbid curiosity. At the hoisting of the flag there was a great commotion. Women shrieked, and one fainted; but the crowd was soon afterwards dispersed by the police, and the streets resumed there ordinary aspect.

Cooke died very penitent, and bore himself bravely to the finish. He was given a drop of only five feet, weighing, as he did, just twelve stone.

After all, one cannot help feeling a sort of sympathy for the man. He had sinned greatly, but he was sorely tempted. He had made a manly effort to sever the bonds in which he was tied by his connection with an unworthy woman, but fate was against him, and he died in obedience to the command, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

THE prison population of Italy is relatively three times as great as in the United Kingdom.

"BREAKING OUT."

A PECULIAR EPIDEMIC IN FEMALE PRISONS.

"I WOULD rather have a dozen male convicts to look after than one female," is a remark you may hear from any prison officer who has had experience of both sexes in durance vile. Why is this? Well, in the first place, the women are infinitely more sensitive, and cannot be kept in solitude for long, as men can; then they are absolutely proof against punishment, for the fear of the "cat" is unknown to them, since whipping women was abolished in the early thirties of the last century. But the real reason which underlies the whole of the matter is the dread of the peculiar phenomenon exhibited by female convicts, known as "breaking out."

This strange custom of "breaking out" is entirely confined to English women, no authentic record of it making its appearance in any foreign gaol being to hand.

"Breaking out" consists in a sudden rejection of all rules of discipline and of decency. The woman, often without a moment's warning, commences to scream at the top of her voice, tears up all her clothes, smashes the panes of glass in the window of her cell, breaks every utensil within her reach, and dances wildly about the place, uttering unearthly yells. This fit must in no way be confounded with attacks of mania, or with the ravings of lunatics; the woman seems to know perfectly well what will be the result of her conduct, but she is utterly regardless of any consequences, and persists in her shouting till she is dragged by main force off to the punishment cells. There she will lie on the floor and drum on the wall or door with her feet for the whole night, keeping everybody awake, or will shout till she is so exhausted that she has to pause to regain her strength.

The troublesome part of this "breaking out" is that it is highly contagious, and if one woman starts, the others in her immediate vicinity are pretty certain to follow suit, making the whole prison ward a veritable pandemonium.

Doctors have spent years in trying to account for this extraordinary failing of the British female convict, and have been unable to do so; its cause and cure are, at present, alike a mystery.

"Breaking out" does not take exactly the same form in all female convicts, though in the main its features are the same. In some cases the attack is accompanied by an alarming access of physical strength, one woman in Millbank having torn up the iron plates on the floor of the cell in which she was confined, while in most cases the services of several matrons, and sometimes of a number of male warders, are necessary before the unhappy creature can be haled to the punishment cells.

Again, some prisoners seem to know when a fit of breaking out is about to seize them, and have begged to be sent to the dark cells before they get worse, so that they may be saved from themselves, and not compelled to lose the remission marks which always form a part of the punishment for this breach of prison discipline.

The fit varies in duration, in some cases extending for several days, while in others the paroxysm is over in a few hours.

Whatever its cause, "breaking out" remains, and still will remain the bête noire of the officials in female prisons.

The Sinners' Church.

IN Sheffield the Church of St. Saviour stands as a lasting memorial to a party of sinners, for over the lintel of the door is the inscription: "Pray for the Sinners who built this Church."

A Criminal Freak.

THE peculiarities of the criminal mind will never be thoroughly understood. About fifteen years ago one of the gendarmes on duty in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, noticed a man drawing pocket-handkerchiefs from the pockets of two ladies simultaneously. The culprit was immediately arrested, and when searched at the police station no fewer than fifteen handkerchiefs were found upon him. In his lodgings the constables discovered a chest of drawers full of nothing but ladies' handkerchiefs, and the criminal explained that he never took anything but the articles belonging to ladies of good position. His excuse was that he was making a collection, and that the blend of the various scents which arose from the piles of handkerchiefs had a peculiar fascination for him. In his ordinary life the prisoner, Caspar Eiles, was a man much respected by his neighbours, but lace and cambric handkerchiefs had a curious attraction for him.

Criminal Problems

PREVENTION OF CRIME—FOREIGN REFORMATORY SYSTEMS.

IT seems strange that France, with all her various routine systems, should be rather behindhand in her treatment of the juvenile offender, but that such is the case one is bound to admit. True, she does not define any fixed age of reason, as does her neighbour, Belgium, but she leaves it to the judge to determine if the youngster knew what he was doing, and if it was declared that he did, the same punishment as would be meted out to an adult is awarded to him, though the higher authorities generally slightly mitigate the sentence.

Imprisonment is still largely applied to juveniles, and if the sentence is not a long one, they are sent to La Petite Roquette, a prison which has aptly been described as a veritable sink of iniquity. Here the children learn more vice than they knew before, and a sojourn of even a few days is calculated to ruin them morally, or, at least, to render the task of those who would wish to reform them very difficult.

To detention in La Petite Roquette may be traced a very great percentage of the odious crimes which from time to time startle Paris; there it is that so many have learnt the road to Cayenne or even the guillotine.

For all that, France has a number of good institutions, though it is to be doubted if she gets the full value out of them.

Mettray, the oldest of these, is really a colony. The inmates, who number over six hundred, are housed in separate buildings, each party under the charge of a master. The whole school only meets at church, labour, and recreation. The work done is hard, and it is hoped that the youths will be thoroughly tired out when they retire for the night. Certain of the senior inmates, chosen by the boys themselves, act as monitors, and assist in preserving discipline.

Val de Yèvre is also an interesting colony, run on much the same lines as Mettray. At both of these the pupils are taught everything connected with husbandry, and the two establishments are nearly self-supporting.

Besides State colonies and reformatories, which are too military in their character, and which fail to train the youths to be self-reliant, there are innumerable private institutions where refractory children can be received and subjected to strict discipline for a period.

Girls who have gone astray are better looked after than their brothers in France. At Darnetal, near Rouen, there is a most flourishing farm entirely managed by the girls, who are trained in every species of farm industry, as well as in the management of household affairs. They are all reported to turn out well, which says a good deal for the system, seeing that the moment they leave their retreat they generally take up service in one of the large towns. They are allowed a considerable amount of liberty, and are trusted on their honour, with the happy result which we have just stated.

Germany is largely dependent on private charity for the reclamation of her errant children, and it must be admitted that she possesses a very large number of splendid schools. Children under twelve are exempt from the operations of the law, while those under eighteen may be said to have acted without discretion and be sent to a house of correction. The most celebrated of all the schools in the Fatherland is undoubtedly the Rauhe House, established by a Dr. Wichern in 1833. It is a model reformatory, managed entirely by the voluntary services of a brotherhood. The principal work is the reclamation of vicious children, who are never allowed out of the sight of their masters from the moment of their entrance till they are discharged to some useful employment. Gardening on a large scale is carried on, and all kinds of trades are taught to the inmates. The system is the family one, there being in all twenty-five separate living houses, besides the offices and outhouses required for the farm. This is, perhaps, the best model reformatory in the world, for it receives all species and classes, and educates its pupils according to their rank of life.

In Holland the youthful offender is treated in much the same manner as at Mettray, in France, save with the peculiarity that "verbal punishments" are very effective there. The boy who has done wrong has to inform the whole school of his delinquency for several days. One would hardly think that this would affect the stolid Dutch, but, as a matter of fact, it does, and the pupils are, on the whole, very much afraid of this penance. The result of the Dutch reformatory system is so good that barely two per cent. relapse.

Most of the reformatories in Italy are worked on the same lines as those of Belgium, the pupils being supervised after their discharge. The age at which a child may be charged criminally is fixed at nine years, after which he may be sent to a correctional establishment, where he may be detained till he is twenty-one years of age. A large number of pupils, whose parents are known to be vicious, are never sent home, but are drafted straight into the army or navy. A few of the reformatories are on the "family system," but the majority of them are worked like huge schools, as is most common in this country.

The laws of Norway and Sweden with regard to juvenile offenders are very comprehensive. All children below the age of sixteen may be boarded out, (1) if they have committed an act punishable by law; (2) if it is necessary to protect them from their parents or friends; and (3) if their conduct at home or in school is not satisfactory. Children who are peculiarly depraved are accommodated in special schools, as are those who have relapsed. Trades and useful handicrafts are taught to all, and there is little difficulty in obtaining positions for those ready to be discharged. The Russian and Swiss schools do not need description, being merely copies of those with which we have already dealt.

The peculiarity of the American reformatories is the extraordinary number of crafts taught in them, type-writing, shorthand, and electrical engineering being among the subjects in which the youths are instructed. The system pursued is mostly that of the "congregated" type, large numbers being associated, and this mixture of the young with their elder companions in misfortune is far from satisfactory.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

Prisoner Refused Admittance.

IT is not often that a gaoler declines to receive one of his unwilling guests; but there is one case at least on record. In March, 1784, a porter named Beverley, a man of amazing strength, was caught in the act of stealing a case of pimento from a ship lying in the Thames. He immediately showed fight, and the united efforts of eight men were required to overpower him. Bound hand and foot, he had to be tied down on a cart before he could be conveyed to the nearest prison, which was the old Poultry Compter. There the gaoler came out, and, having looked at his new charge, declared that it was impossible for him to accommodate so powerful a rascal, since he had not half a dozen warders in the place. His captors were therefore obliged to convey the culprit to Newgate, where he gave a lot of trouble. He is said to have been the "Sandow" of England at that time.

Memories of Jack Sheppard.

ONE cannot but experience a feeling of regret at the demolition, which has just taken place, of the historic building in Wych Street, Strand, wherein the notorious Jack Sheppard served his apprenticeship as a carpenter to a certain Mr. Wood. The famous cracksman was in his time associated with other parts of London—and notably with Newgate—but it was at the White Lion, in White Lion Passage, in the neighbourhood of the Strand, that he was accustomed to meet almost nightly his professional friends and private acquaintances. Probably few people are aware of the fact that the mortal remains of the celebrated cracksman repose in the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where also was buried another famous character—Nell Gwynne, whose funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Tenison, the incumbent, afterwards head of the English Church, whose name is preserved to this day in the Tenison Schools at the corner of Leicester Square, which occupy the site of the immortal Hogarth's House, and what was, until about thirty years ago, the Sablonnière Hotel.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

G. P. O.—You run great risks.
WHY.—See No. 5 and you will know.
CHARLEY.—Greenacre was hung in 1837.
A. O. D.—Yes; you can obtain monthly parts.
BILL S.—Your proposition is absolutely criminal.
DOCTOR.—All our articles are written by experts.
C. OXFORD.—You are quite wrong, it will last a far longer time.
CURIOUS TOM.—We are now dealing with it and are sure you will find it a good number.

BLUSHING.

Absolutely cured in few days by a harmless and certain method. To prove this "try before you buy," sending two penny stamps to cover postage, &c., of a free sample. Cure registered by Government.—C. TAYLOR & Co., 149, Fleet Street, London.

THE BUST.

I will send absolutely **free** to all who enclose two penny stamps to cover postage, &c., with testimonials and medical certificate, a sample of the most wonderful preparation ever discovered for the natural development of the bust, and by the use of which may be regained a perfect figure, full and lovely. Absolutely harmless, never fails, permanent in its effect. Address in confidence, MRS. H. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.—How many ladies with a strong growth of hair upon some prominent part of her features has not cried out from the depths and bitterness of despair, "Is there no relief for this vile intrusion? Must I live on and on and each day develop more and more into a human monstrosity! Must this deformity become still more unsightly, this burden more oppressive?" The answer heretofore given to this appeal has been far from satisfactory, yet we must all admit that we live in an age of new and wonderful inventions, and one of these I claim. To prove this, send in confidence, a stamped addressed envelope, and I will tell you what it is.—Address, MRS. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London.

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